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GERMANY would doubtless be greatly pleased if Austria's proposal of "a confidential and unbinding discussion" of peace were accepted without qualification by the Allies. As we point out elsewhere, Germany has already outlined her maximum of concessions. Austria manages to interpolate in her peace proposal at least one limitation—no dismemberment of Austria-Hungary. Accordingly a confidential conference would serve to abate, not the claims of the Central Powers, but those of the Allies. The stipulation of secrecy is also calculated to advance the interests of Berlin. Nations whose war aims are democratic have nothing to fear from publicity. In fact, they must have publicity if they are to hold the backing in popular opinion necessary to resist the assaults of a crafty autocratic diplomacy. According to the Austrian view, publicity ruined the peace movement of December, 1916. That is not the prevailing opinion in democratic circles. What made peace impossible in 1916 was the uncompromising terms suggested by the Central Powers, not the publicity given to those terms.

BUT if the Austrian proposals are not to be accepted, their scornful rejection would be the next choice of the German rulers. The war must in the end be ruinous to the autocracy, if its continuance is plainly their fault. If, on the other hand, the Allied governments can be exhibited in the guise of absolutely implacable foes of Germany, the autocracy may safely count on a new lease of popular support. Accordingly there can be little ground for division of democratic opinion as to the manner in which the Austrian proposal ought to be received. It ought to be met with definite restatement of peace aims, removing the ambiguities that hold over from last year, especially with regard to Austria-Hungary. There would then be no danger in a counter proposal for a conference held not behind closed doors, but in the full light of day, a conference in which the democratic elements of the Great Powers must be represented and along with them the lesser states and the subject nationalities. Such a conference, it may be urged, would be unacceptable to Germany. If that is the case, it is because Germany has not yet been able to reconcile herself to the minimum terms of the democratic states.

CANTIGNY and Château-Thierry will be remembered in our history as the places where Americans in large numbers first showed their quality as fighters in this war, first proved to the world that not a bit too much had been expected of their courage and initiative and dash. But the attack upon the St. Mihiel salient proves this and something more. Eighteen months ago few persons, even in the United States, believed that a nation in which no living military officers had ever handled large bodies of men, in which for fifty-five years no large army had been in existence, could within eighteen months turn out men and officers able to take part in such a large scale affair as these battles of St. Mihiel. Well, the miracle has happened. By the experience of our Allies, placed unreservedly and most competently at our disposal, we have

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profited more and more quickly than all but a very few thought conceivable when the United States entered the war. We have a right to feel, what our Allies have been quick to say, that in men and in leadership our troops are equal to the best.

THERE is no higher praise than this, and in our hearts we all know it, but just at first some of us are tempted to talk as if we were a bit better than any other fighting men on the planet. Not our soldiers. They do not talk in this strain. But some of the rest of us are boasting. We are letting ourselves go. Even Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, whose behavior is not usually unrestrained, is letting himself go. "There is one thing the American Expeditionary Force has done," he says, "since its arrival in France. It has made the word Hun rhyme with the word run." When Dr. Butler is thus affected by the good news, who can wonder that some of our correspondents at the front, younger than he and less judicious, write in a tone that would be all right if we were the whole show? Our British and French friends will forgive us as we proceed to magnify our military successes. They know that human nature is human nature. But American soldiers at the front will perhaps not be equally forgiving.

WHEN the French entered St. Mihiel, and had put out a few fires, they found that the departing Germans had done the town little harm. Most of the villages which our troops captured in the St. Mihiel salient were in pretty good condition. The Germans did not blow up the railway between St. Mihiel and either Nancy or Verdun. Why this unusual lack of frightfulness? Were the Germans in too great a hurry to destroy? No. They had plenty of time to do a lot of damage, to wreck buildings and to mine railway lines. Perhaps they had a hazy idea that by leaving things in good order they might persuade us that they were not such ruthless devastators as we had supposed. No one will object to their acting upon such motives, though it is late in the day for them in this way to better their reputation. Or have the Germans really changed their minds? Have they become convinced that anti-frightfulness is a better prelude than frightfulness to a peace offensive? Our own guess is that we have here an illustration of that trait in German character which leads Germans to give prisoners of war better treatment when things are not going well with Germany.

AN economic boycott against Germany, to be decided on now, to be advertised now, to be enforced after the war no matter how innocuous the end of the war makes Germany—how are the advocates of this policy going to answer Viscount Bryce's objections to it? These objections are two. First, that such a policy "casts doubts on" our "hopes that victory will remain with the Entente Allies." The second objection is even more serious: "The threat of economic war may be a powerful weapon in our hands to exact just and necessary terms of peace. Why throw away that weapon beforehand by announcing that the boycott must begin in any event?" It will not be easy to answer these questions. A boycott against Germany is not one of the vital principles for which we and our Allies are fighting, and which Germany must be taught to regard as unescapable. The decision to boycott or not to boycott cannot be made with full knowledge until the peace treaty is in the making.

THERE is no country in the world in which the art of forging public documents has been carried to so high a degree of perfection as in Russia. Forgery was an essential tool of the revolutionary's trade. It was equally essential to the secret police in handling the political offenders too clever for them. It found wide application within the governing caste itself in building up the interest of one clique at the expense of another. Accordingly, when a mass of documentary "evidence" comes out of Russia, even if it is specially damaging to a party we should like to see damaged, cautious observers will restrain their enthusiasm of conviction. Especially when that mass of evidence contains documents that have been discredited in Europe for months. We have, to be sure, the guaranty of faith of the Committee of Public Information attached to the alleged exposure of the Bolsheviki. But, as I recall it, we had a similar guaranty of faith covering rather premature reports of aeroplane progress. For our own part we shall reserve judgment on these documents until they have all been published and we have had full opportunity to test their quality. Some of them appear on first examination probable; others look very dubious indeed.

IMPORTANT as the anti-Bolshevik attitude may be in Archangel, it is now quite clear to a certain group of Russian reactionaries that the thing may be carried too far. Somehow they got the illusion that England and the United States had come to Archangel to bring back a Tsar. Accordingly they proceeded with wholesouled enthusiasm to shove the Chaikovsky government into the discard, along with the Soviets, and the venerable Chaikovsky was actually deported to the island that held the Soviet remnant. But they were not fated to enjoy the fruits of their coup d'état. They were reminded by the Allied representatives that

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the chief business of the Allies in Russia was not, after all, to help out the embruted bureaucracy. The Allies were not fighting the Revolution, as such. Once this was realized in Archangel, it became important to put the monarchists back in the can and to fish out Chaikovsky. Thus ends a pleasant dream.

TO discriminate between sedition and the drastic political criticism with which no sane government would wish to dispense even in time of war is one of the most baffling problems of administration. When Representative Fess casts doubt upon the sincerity of the administration in its announced determination to pursue the war to a victorious conclusion, is he guilty of sedition? No; he is immoderate and unjust in his animadversions, but there is no question whatever about his patriotism or his fundamental devotion to the national cause. When some other individual makes a charge that the profiteers are behind the war, a charge not one whit more calculated to undermine confidence in our government's policy, is he guilty of sedition? He may be. It is not a matter of persons, nor entirely a matter of sentiments expressed. Sedition may be absent from forms of speech that on the surface appear very subversive; it may lurk in forms of speech that are apparently innocuous. The solution we have found is to make our definition of sedition so comprehensive that a seditionary in spirit cannot avail himself of the letter to save himself. In endowing its government with so elastic an instrument a liberty loving people assumes that neither will the government avail itself of the letter to kill where the spirit is not one of sedition.

WE do not question that the jury, in convicting Debs and the judge in sentencing him, were actuated solely by a sense of their duties under the law. According to the letter of the Espionage act Debs was no doubt justly convicted and sentenced. One may regard Debs as the expounder of unsound doctrines which, if more widely accepted than they are ever likely to be, would impair the country's fighting power. But no fairminded man accuses Debts of insincerity, of malignance toward his country, of desire for its defeat. Caught in the government's net, he had to be dealt with by the conventional methods. But the government's net might have been employed with better discretion, with a nicer sense of the uses to which a free people intended to put an instrument so easily capable of injuring the state instead of advancing its interests.

EXACTLY what was gained by excluding last week's issue of the Nation from the mails? It is not absolutely clear which one of several articles criticizing the government's policy was regarded as so damaging as to justify the action of the authorities. But the article which looks to the layman as the probable main offense was published in extenso by a New York daily having a circulation greater than that of the Nation. Neither this article nor any other part of the suppressed issue contained criticisms of the government's policy that would compare in freedom and vigor with the criticisms of the Lloyd George government and its policies published by the English Nation. Why is it that the British government, after four years of the most desperate responsibility, still observes a toleration of criticism which seems dangerous to us? The British government has a much better understanding of the art of free government.

QUITE naturally the great majority of American newspapers have treated the Austrian peace proposals with indignant contempt. A striking exception is the New York Times. According to the Times' leader, we have now "a veritable peace offer, and it comes in a form which the Allies may honorably accept in the confident belief that it will lead to the end of the war. . . . The custom and practice of nations demand that this invitation to enter upon the preliminaries of peace receive the most serious and respectful attention of the governments to which it is addressed. . . . While no armistice precedes the proposed conference, we are justified in entertaining the hope, the belief, even, that fighting will cease this year as the fruit of this non-binding discussion of terms." The indignant bitter-ender will charge the Times with an impetuous lapse into sentimental pacifism. But true readers of the Times know that there is nothing sentimental, impetuous or pacifist in its make-up. On the face of the available facts, there is nothing to account for the Times' hopes and beliefs. What has the Times up its sleeve? That is a minor puzzle of the day.

ASSUMING that the action of the Senate in the matter of the revenue bill will leave unchanged its general character as a tax on wealth, a powerful appeal to the great class of persons having modest incomes is made available for the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign to be inaugurated next week. It will be impossible for those whose incomes cannot be cut into without sacrifice to hope to shift the obligation to subscribe to the rich classes. Those classes, in giving up their incomes in payment of taxes, are being called upon to make

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a sacrifice of a kind quite incommensurate with that of a temporary surrender of funds in exchange for the best investment in the world. The last Liberty Loan was a popular loan in unprecedented measure. But the next Liberty Loan ought to be still more widely popular. This is one of the logical implications of the financial policy of the revenue bill.

IT is impossible to conceive how the objects for which America is fighting can be achieved without an attack upon Turkey and Bulgaria by Allied forces in which Americans will be represented. The time may not yet be ripe for the diversion of British, French or American troops to the Balkan front. But the recrudescence of military activity around Saloniki gives warning that at any time supporting forces may have to be thrown into the Balkans if temporary successes are to be transmuted into substantial permanent gains. Such forces might of course be composed wholly of the troops of countries already at war with Turkey and Bulgaria. French and British troops in sectors of the western and Italian fronts might be released for service in the Levant by the substitution of American troops. That is a subterfuge which Americans will not accept with enthusiasm. Turkey and Bulgaria, fighting our Allies, are our enemies in fact. There is no longer any profit in maintaining a neutral attitude toward them. There might be grave disadvantages to the Allied cause from our persisting in an ambiguous attitude toward those states. We are pledged to a democratic settlement in the Balkans as well as in western Europe. But how can America expect to have a voice in Balkan concerns if she appears at the peace conference merely in the rôle of a neutral?

The German Peace Offensive

HOW much weight must be given to the Austrian peace overture is a point that has been settled by the President's answer. Austria desires peace; of this there cannot be the least doubt. So does all the rest of the world, provided that the objects of the war are attained. It has long been the opinion in Central Europe that the war could be ended if diplomatic representatives of the warring nations could get together around a table, where negotiations might proceed without danger of premature publicity. Democratic opinion is not enthusiastic about this method. The peace that the democracies of the world desire is a peace whose terms are fixed by the will of the peoples, and merely given technical form by the negotiations. Since Austria proposes that the negotiations shall not be of a binding character, no harm can come of sounding out the Austrian views. In fact, this would appear to be imperative. But whether anything will come of it depends on the kind of peace will that lies behind the Austrian tentatives. And this, for practical purposes, is the peace will of Germany, not Austria. For light on this point we must go beyond the Austrian communication to the expressions of more or less official opinion that have recently come out of Germany.

There has indeed been much talk of peace in Germany. Hertling has said that peace is coming sooner than most persons suspect. Von Payer has elaborated upon the conditions of peace that would be acceptable to Germany. Erzberger and Naumann have joined in the chorus of peace discussion. It is therefore natural that many should jump to the conclusion that Germany is already opening the promised peace offensive. But a careful examination of these German pronouncements will incline us to reserve judgment. The German leaders are undoubtedly preparing the morale of their people for a peace drive. They are making reconnaissances to test out their plan of campaign. Whether they are as yet intending anything more is at least doubtful.

It is hardly conceivable that the Germans should expect to make progress toward peace through the issue of so truculent a manifesto as that of von Payer, obviously the most nearly official of the various peace statements that are coming out of Germany. Von Payer does indeed renounce indemnities, to which he asserts that Germany has an equitable claim. The cost of winning them would be too heavy; besides they would jeopardize the future peace. So far, good. The rest of the world has long been convinced that Germany will get no indemnities. The German people must now make up their minds to the same effect. That frees the German government's hand on one point, since failure at the peace conference to demand indemnities will create no surprise. Von Payer further concedes that Belgium will be restored "without encumbrance and without reserve" when Germany and her allies "are once again in possession of what belonged to us"—i. e., the German colonies, Mesopotamia, Palestine. Erzberger says that "the pledge theory regarding Belgium has outlived itself and is no longer a leading political idea." Possibly Erzberger can draw a distinction between the pledge theory and the theory of restoring Belgium "without encumbrance and without reserve" when Germany and her allies get back the territories they have lost. The distinction is too subtle for our understanding. Still, in its new form, the theory may represent the beginning of a glide to a real renunciation of profit from the Belgian crime. For this too, then, the German mind will be prepared.

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Still less conciliatory is von Payer's attitude toward the Russian and Rumanian treaties. The liberation of the border peoples from Russian despotism or anarchy is, he asserts, a benefit to all mankind. "We can never permit anyone to meddle with us in this matter, from the standpoint of the present European balance of power, or rather British predominance." If necessary, von Payer may later exhibit a willingness to have the matter meddled with from another standpoint—that of a world league. But what he now intends by the qualification is probably nothing more than a slur upon British motives in demanding a revision of the eastern treaties.

But is not von Payer actually conciliatory in his attitude toward a world league and disarmament? Let it be noted that he evinces a qualified hospitality to the idea of a world league. The plan "would not be wrecked by the German government's opposition. We are, on the contrary, ready to collaborate to the best of our ability." But his acceptance of the idea of disarmament is unqualified. "We desire to have a disarmament agreement on the condition of complete reciprocity, applied not merely to land forces, but even to naval forces."

Germany desires disarmament, thorough-going disarmament! Surely, the Devil must be sick indeed? Not at all; the Devil is in peculiarly good form. "Disarmament applied not merely to land forces, but even to naval forces"; that harmless parcel is loaded with dynamite. Germany will reduce her army if Britain reduces her navy. What could be more inherently reasonable? Cut both arms in half; will not the relative positions of the two countries be the same? No, Britain will be greatly weakened, relatively. An army is elastic; a hundred thousand men are quickly augmented to a million. A navy is inelastic; years must elapse before its tonnage can even be doubled. There is, no doubt, a measure of land disarmament that would be a fair offset to a given measure of naval disarmament. But who will find this measure? Von Payer has no intention of trying to find it. All he wants is to put Britain in a hole. He wishes the disarmament project to fail, and to fail apparently by Britain's fault. This is not mere inference from von Payer's curious emphasis, "applied even to naval forces." It was well known in Washington before we entered the war that Germany intended eventually to use precisely this method of exploiting the disarmament idea. It was too good for Bernstorff to keep.

One other point in von Payer's speech deserves mention. We are to have a new kind of peace. Its novelty is to consist in the fact that the "middle and lower classes" are not to "fall quietly into the background when it comes to the council table." The government will conclude peace treaties "in close harmony with the entire people." Democratization of the council table—that sounds like a real concession. It probably means no more than the establishment of a logical foundation for the claim that any democratization that actually comes upon Germany will come from within, not from without.

Surely, then, von Payer's speech can be nothing but a domestic preparation for the real peace offensive. There is nothing in it to awaken response abroad. But there are indications in it, as well as in the other peace comments from the Central Powers, that offer a clue to the nature of the coming offensive. Obviously there is to be a determined attempt to split Allied opinion.

A first line of cleavage that Germany clearly desires to effect is the separation of Tory from liberal opinion, and the winning over to Germany of the former. Von Payer's defense of the eastern treaties on the ground that the border states must be defended against civil war and anarchy is calculated to conciliate Tory opinion in the Allied countries. He places particular emphasis on Finland, and it takes no gift of divination to say why. Tory opinion, as he knows well, has accepted a Germanized Finland as a lesser evil than a revolutionary Finland. Cannot Tory opinion be made to accept a safe and sane, if Germanized, Poland? Can it not be brought around to favor the redemption of Lithuania, Courland, the Ukraine, even by Germany? Erzberger is more explicit: "There is something else that Europe must bring about, and that is the suppression of Bolshevism. The longer the war lasts the more the soil of all belligerent countries is being prepared for revolution." Germany associated with the Allied nations to put down Bolshevism. What an ingrate nation, if all we have heard about the alliance of the Reds with Germany were true!

The second line of cleavage that the coming offensive is intended to produce is between the European Allies and America. Says von Payer: "The longer the European peoples lacerate each other the more certainly will the historical and paramount position of weakened and impoverished Europe be lost in favor of cleverer and more calculating peoples." He does not specify them, but the context leaves no doubt that the United States is one of the cleverer calculators. The loss of shipping, he suggests, will ruin Britain, and superiority will pass to the United States. Erzberger is still more explicit: "In England the people perceive that America's entrance into the war has changed world power. England cannot win so much in the war as she can lose if she is driven from her position by America. That is the real reason why Lansdowne gets busy. Lansdowne's group is strong and gets stronger daily."

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Such is the spirit in which the Prussian Junker intends to come a-wooing. And the duenna of Toryism is growing hoarse crying to the democracy, "Beware, Young Thing, Beware!" But wait; is it for her charge or for herself that the bold Junker brings flowers? We shall see. Democracy, at all events, is likely to remain cold to Prussian blandishments.

Questions for American Conservatives

It is sometimes announced that part of the peace agreement must be a League of Nations. Many of the adherents of this idea grandiloquently assert that they intend to supplant nationalism.

Nationalism corresponds to the love a man bears for his wife and children.

Internationalism corresponds to the feeling he has for his neighbors generally.

To substitute internationalism for nationalism means to do away with patriotism, and is as vicious and as profoundly demoralizing as to put promiscuous devotion to all other persons in the place of steadfast devotion to a man's own family. Either effort means the atrophy of robust morality.

The man who loves other countries as much as his own stands on a level with the man who loves other women as much as he loves his own wife. One is as worthless a creature as the other. . . . Any such league would have to depend for its success upon the adhesion of the nine nations which are actually or potentially the most powerful military nations; and these nine nations include Germany, Austria, Turkey and Russia. What earthly use is it to pretend that the safety of the world would be secured by a league in which these four nations would be among the nine leading partners? . . . And don't forget that China is now useless as a prop to a league of peace simply because she lacks effective military strength for her own defense. . .

The heroic Czecho-Slovaks must be made into an independent commonwealth. The southern Slavs must be united in a great Jugoslav commonwealth. Poland as a genuinely independent commonwealth must receive back Austrian and Prussian Poland as well as Russian Poland, and have her coast line on the Baltic. Lithuania, the Baltic province of Russia, and Finland must be guaranteed their freedom, and no part of the ancient Empire of Russia left under the German yoke. Northern Schleswig should go back to the Danes. Britain and Japan should keep the colonies they have conquered. Armenia must be freed, Palestine made a Jewish State, and the Syrian Christians liberated.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"REPARATION must take the form of action that will render it impossible for Germany to repeat her colossal wrong doing . . ." Thus Mr. Roosevelt, The New York Times headlines the speech as being "Against the League of Nations." Coming after not dissimilar pronouncements from Senator Lodge and Representative Fess, we may take it as indicating the line of Republican opposition to the Presidential policy, to be pushed as far as public opinion will permit—a limit towards which Mr. Roosevelt is obviously feeling his way and of which he is not for the moment sure. For, although the Times headlines the speech as against the League of Nations, the downright and virile Colonel hedges on every point and ties a string to every declaration of principle. The impression of the Times headline writer would be that of ninety-nine out of a hundred reading the speech, but towards the end there is a tiny paragraph in which we are told to support "any such plan which is honest and reasonable," a qualification to which the Colonel will later doubtless appeal triumphantly, the difference between "honest" and "dishonest" to be determined by its party authorship.

So with the other glowing statements of policy and political morality. Internationalism is "vicious and profoundly demoralizing," the morality of the man who loves other women as well as his own wife; but the "sound" nationalist can give us a true internationalism. A man's devotion to his own family should come before "promiscuous devotion to all other persons" but—as the Colonel has so often told us—the man who will not abandon his own family at the call of his country—which is a collection of other families—and place their welfare before that of his own dependents is a wretched craven who deserves shooting without mercy. A man should stand first by his own wife, but the man who will not leave her, and if needs be see her widowed, on behalf of the wives of France, Belgium and Serbia, is the meanest of God's creatures. Patriotism demands putting the interest of your own nation before that of others, but the man who would not be prepared to spill the blood of the last American for the sake of enabling the Czecho-Slovaks, the Jugo-Slavs, the Poles, the Finns, the Courlanders, Esthonians and the Lithuanians to establish new nations of their own is no patriot. The isolation and independence of "robust nationalism" is—so it is implied—preferable to the foreign entanglements of a League of Nations; but the independence of Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Finland, Livonia, Courland, Esthonia, Palestine, Armenia, Syria and Albania "must be guaranteed." The war must go on until the enemy states are absolutely powerless for evil, their military might utterly crushed and broken; but after the war we must not establish a League of Nations because the power of the enemy states would be sure to wreck it. Potential military power in states (quoting Prussia) is a conclusive argument against the League; such power may menace it. Lack of military power in states (quoting

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China) is equally an argument against it; they are useless as a prop to it. Could anything be clearer?

Before examining just what it all means, let us test some of its premises by just a few simple questions which we would beg American conservatives to put honestly to their own minds.

Treaty arrangements are a broken reed, a dream of pacifists and internationalists, and serious statesmanship will not trouble itself much about them. Let us cultivate a robust nationalism. Nations must depend upon their own strength for security, and, virtually, upon nothing else.

Very good. Are you, after the war, going to apply this premise to Belgium? Is Belgium, some seven millions, to depend upon its own strength alone as against a Germany, some seventy millions, which, as Colonel Roosevelt himself tells us, may in a few years once more be powerful?

You are perfectly aware that if Belgium or Serbia or Rumania or Poland have to depend upon their own strength alone, their independence will not be worth ten years' purchase. Unless the treaty which guarantees them is of wider scope, more binding, more definite, than Belgian or Balkan treaties of the past have been, our guaranty will indeed be a scrap of paper. The way to make treaties of the future something more than scraps of paper is not to make them less internationalist but more so. Effective defense against the powerful after-the-war Germany of Mr. Roosevelt will demand clear, specific arrangements between America, Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, and as much of Russia as we can bring under our influence, to say nothing of others concerning the nature of future military cooperation, access of armies, use of ships, supply of munitions and raw materials. If we are not to repeat the fiasco of the Belgian treaty, if the position of the small state is not to be hopelessly precarious, if the power, actual and potential, of states like Britain, America, Italy, Japan is to have restraining effect upon Germany, she must know that certain acts will infallibly bring our combined power into the field against her. We must not in the future have an international condition in which England's action is uncertain, in which Italy is actually an ally of the enemy, Rumania a possible one, Greece a gaping hole for blockade leakages, America an ambiguous neutral with no clearly defined obligation which it takes her three and a half years to realize. It is that condition of international affairs, not the absence of such military preparedness as seven million folk could provide, that has cost Belgium her agony.

To say now to Belgium—or for that matter to France or Italy—" there will be no treaty, depend upon your own strength," would be a monstrous jest, a throwing aside of everything for which we fight. We must, as Mr. Roosevelt implies, offer our guaranty, but whether that guaranty will be effective will depend upon whether we and our Allies can consolidate our power, whether diverse nations scattered over the face of the earth can act with unity against the Teutonic bloc, and make sacrifices, it may be for ends that are not directly national; can, as Lord Robert Cecil said the other day, set aside national differences, prejudices and even interests; whether in other words we can be more internationalist.

" Oh! But," you will say, " that is not the internationalism of disarmament against which Mr. Roosevelt raises his voice." Neither is the League of Nations as forecast by Mr. Wilson, Lord Grey, Mr. Asquith, the British Labor party, a proposal of disarmament, as you well know. It is a proposal, not to surrender arms, but to combine them; to agree upon the methods by which they can be used in common for common security; to reach agreement upon the laws and regulations to which nations shall pledge themselves. It is not disarmament, but it is internationalism—internationalism in the use of armament.

Mr. Roosevelt invariably presents internationalism, the making of treaties, as the *alternative* to the use of power. He would have us believe that the choice must be as between an internationalism which must imply disarmament and preparedness which must imply a repudiation of internationalism. It is a confusion and falsification of issues which, if persisted in, will reduce our victory to futility.

Internationalism is the means by which the power of nations can be rendered effective in their common protection. When men organize governments and police systems, and design constitutions and subject themselves to their political and social discipline, that is not an abandonment of the use of force in the restraint of crime and disorder. It is the effective organization, against a common menace, of forces which, used individually without discipline and rule, would be ineffective. When men drop individual for collective action, they have not ceased to rely upon " their strong right arms "; they have drilled and disciplined them. Yet, trusting to popular confusion, Mr. Roosevelt, in his speech of March 28th, resorts to this:

> Be on your guard against the apostles of weakness and folly . . . they will tell you that they can make paper treaties, and agreements and guaranties; by which brutal and unscrupulous men will have their souls so softened that weak and timid men won't have a thing to fear, and that brave and honest men won't have to prepare to defend themselves. . . After the war these foolish pacifist creatures will again raise their piping voices against preparedness and in favor of patent devices for maintaining peace without effort.

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Take another premise in this philosophy.

"You cannot trust Germany, or other powerful and ruthless military nations." That is why the effective organization of mankind for the restraint of criminal nations is necessary. We combine our individual strength into societies for juridical and penal purposes, not because we can trust the criminal elements, but because we cannot.

Mr. Roosevelt seems to think a strong Germany of the future an argument against internationalism. It is the exact reverse. With a weak Germany, the non-German world might muddle along somehow without cohesion. But if Germany is to be strong and misuse her strength, the rest of mankind cannot retain the old disruptive and prospective relationship which made each state a competitor and prospective enemy of the others. If we revert to the old system of isolated and competing independencies—which is the inevitable outcome of the old nationalist impulses and assumptions—then, indeed, does Germany become a menace. She multiplies her power in direct ratio to our division. Here, again, the very reason which is alleged as condemning the League of Nations is the reason which makes it indispensable.

But, you will say, international arrangement which does not include Germany is not the League of Nations of Mr. Wilson; it is an alliance for maintaining the balance of power against her, and that, perhaps you will add, is just what you favor—"temporary alliances for the attainment of specific objects." Let us see just what "the inclusion of Germany" in a League of Nations really means and how a Balance of Power Alliance differs from a League of Nations, from what Mr. Wilson called in one of his earlier speeches "The Community of Power."

Let us imagine the settlement made. Afterwards one of our many present associates—Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Italy—is not altogether satisfied and does, what has been done after so many Balkan and eastern wars of the past: proceeds to "correct" the settlement by fresh demands upon, say, Austria. (In the very recent past we have seen the Balkan States simply tear up the settlement of the "Powers.") Austria says to us: "I have accepted *your* settlement; my neighbor X challenges it and prepares to fight me. Will you restrain him?" What shall we do? If we say "Yes" we side with Austria against our ex-ally. We have included Austria in the League; we abandon the balance of power principle by siding with the group against which it is maintained. If we say "No" we enable Austria to retort: "I am obliged to arm in order to defend settlements you yourself have pronounced just," and we notify the small Balkan states that they can do in the future what they have done in the past—altogether disregard our "settlements." Is this your secure world? The inclusion of the enemy peoples within the League of Nations will be called for and justified, not by the fact that we can trust them or their governments—we know that we cannot—but by the fact that it is to our advantage to bring their peoples ultimately to look to the League instead of to the military strength of their own governments for the enforcement of *our* settlements. If we can persuade them that our League stands for the real guaranty of our own treaties, even against our own Allies, sooner or later the enemy peoples will cease to oppose its power, for they will see in it protection of their right. If they see that its guaranty is one-sided, they will turn to their own military force as their sole protection.

But if our guaranties are thus impartial, we offer our alliance to the enemy. It is not a question of trusting him, but of showing him that we ourselves are worthy of trust. We say to him: "Observe the law and we will protect you against its violation." If we decline thus to offer our alliance to the enemy, we compel him to re-arm to defend what we ourselves have declared to be his rights. If force is to stand for the defense of justice, there will be circumstances in which we must undertake to "side with the enemy." And yet that undertaking—which makes Balance of Power politics impossible—and by which alone force can be made to stand for righteousness, will have to meet all the declamatory fustian which nationalist demagogy can bring to bear.

These considerations are not academic abstractions. They are of the very essence of the success of our settlement.

Mr. Roosevelt has warned us of two things: first, that the present enemy states will be powerful after the war (which is obvious since they will still have great populations capable still of being turned into armies if they can be persuaded that they are threatened), and, secondly, that the independence of the lesser states now brought within the orbit of the Central Powers must be guaranteed.

Which are those states? They are likely to include most, if not all, of the following: Belgium, a Greater Serbia, Bohemia, Rumania, Greece, Finland, Livonia, Esthonia, Courland, Lithuania, Poland, Ukrainia, Georgia, Armenia, Palestine, Montenegro and Albania; and to these we may later have to add an independent Siberia, or "northern territory" or other anti-Bolshevist Russian states.

We know that those states, divided by an infinity of national, racial and religious differences, cannot stand alone against the solid Germanic mass. Before the war the theory of Allied statescraft was that any new independencies which might be created,

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as the result of the war, would rest upon the power of Russia. But the power of Russia has disappeared, or, worse still, may be brought into the field against us. If there is to be a real guaranty, we, the western Allies, somehow must furnish it.

Note the situation in very many of these states. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, for instance, will have large minorities of Germans or Magyars, and be in a position to cut off a great German or Austrian hinterland from the sea. Germany and Austria will then be surrounded by a Germania irredenta—Germans in Alsace, in Schlesvig, in Poland, in Bohemia, in the Tyrol, all living under alien rule. In many cases they represent the wealthiest, and industrially most efficient, section of the population. Imagine a case in which such a German population—amounting, it may be, to half the total in some provinces—is subject to disabilities in a small and disorderly state. That German population is living next door to its own great and powerful "fatherland." What will happen, unless sooner or later the German or Magyar minority is reconciled by fair treatment to its new—and alien—masters? If one party of Finns can call in German aid to fight another Finnish party, what should we expect to happen in the case of states in which one of the parties is German? (And, incidentally, the party in Finland which the Germans are fighting—the Reds—is precisely the party we have had to make war against in Russia).

Nor is that all. Nearly every one of these states is an Ireland containing an Ulster; that is to say, a nationalist population with an equally nationalist minority, rival parties between whom passion runs high. Will you therefore make your guaranty unconditional, saying in effect to the Poles in Posen, the Czechs in Bohemia, the Italians in Istria, and so forth: "Do what you like to your subject Germans, Magyars, Slavs, or Ruthenes. We will support you. You may cut off the access of your neighbors to the sea, block their access to raw materials, impose whatever discriminating or vexatious rules you choose in the matter of railway or river transit, tariffs, harbor dues." You will do no such thing. You know that if these twenty states—more or less—intensely nationalist, victims of the intrigues of larger Powers, are left each with absolute independence that you have assumed obligations impossible of fulfillment.

You know consequently that you must establish rules for the respect of minority right, for freedom of economic movement, access to sea and raw materials. Have you here a situation in which "temporary alliances for specific purposes" will suffice? Are your guaranties to be "temporary"? (The violated Belgian treaty was nearly a century old).

A further question. Are you going to decline to consult these twenty nations—more or less—in settling the rules which will form the basis of their constitution in the international system? Is this the robust nationalism, the complete independence of the smaller states, for which we fight? Are their constitutions, and the relations between them, to be settled by a few great Powers? You must consult with the states themselves, and that itself will involve quite elaborate international organization.

So the ultimate questions are relatively simple, and the answers unescapable. Are you or are you not going to say to Belgium and Serbia: "There will in the future be no treaty to protect you; look to your own strength"? You are not. You are going to make a treaty. Is it or is it not going to be more internationalist than the old one or less so? It is going to be more internationalist, have more signatories, with more clearly defined obligations, and those obligations are going to involve this country in far-reaching and permanent foreign commitments. You proclaim that the independence of these new states to be carved out of Germany, Austria and Russia is to be guaranteed. Are you going to dodge your part in that guaranty? Not unless your current rhetoric is shamefully dishonest. Are you going to make all sorts of conditions concerning that guaranty? You are. Then you are also, in the future, going at times to "side with the enemy," and take him into what is not only virtually, but very definitely and concretely, a League of Nations.

Then why, in the name of political honesty and sincerity, when you are proposing to extend treaties, to enter upon an internationalism larger than the world has yet known, to create a complex League of Nations, and, ultimately, to offer your alliance to the enemy, do you daily indulge in violent and windy disparagement of all those things?

Springfield and Bridgeport

Second Phase

THE Smith and Wesson Company, of Springfield, Massachusetts, engaged in government work, struck against an award of the War Labor Board; the President thereupon ordered the War Department to take over the plant and business of the company. The machinists engaged in government work in the factories of Bridgeport, Connecticut, struck against an award of the War Labor Board; the President thereupon served notice upon them that unless they returned to work they would be "barred from employment in any war industry in the community in which the strike occurs for a period of one year. During that time the United States Employment Service will decline to obtain

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employment for you in any war industry elsewhere in the United States, as well as under the War and Navy departments, the Shipping Board, the Railroad Administration and all other government agencies, and the draft boards will be instructed to reject any claim of exemption based on your alleged usefulness on war production." In each case the President adopted the only possible remedy for an otherwise impossible situation. To have permitted either employer or workers to flout the Supreme Court of Industry would have been to invite lawlessness and the spread of anarchy throughout our war industries.

Unfortunately, there is reason to fear that the flare-ups in Springfield and Bridgeport have a deeper significance than has yet appeared—that they are but warning symptoms of a malady that has crept into the ordnance producing organization of the government itself. Had the question at issue been solely one of enforcement of law, less drastic remedies than those so swiftly applied by the President might have served for the moment. But the deeper consideration was the imperative necessity of keeping the army supplied with munitions. Swift and drastic action was called for not only because the government could not afford to have essential plants tied up by strikes, but also because many ordnance plants are running below capacity. The strikes in Springfield and Bridgeport are, it is to be feared, symptomatic of administrative inefficiency running straight back to ordnance headquarters in Washington.

The situation has certain striking analogies with the situation in aircraft production as it existed a year ago. When the public first received intimations of the delay in aircraft production, the trouble was laid at the door of the employers and workers in the spruce country. Lumber manufacturers were refusing to comply with the request of the Secretary of War to adopt the eight-hour day; the lumberjacks, incited by disloyal agitators, were refusing to return to work in compliance with the government's request pending the action of the President's Mediation Commission. The consequent shortage in spruce was given as the principal reason for the delay in aircraft production. Gradually, however, it transpired that the shortage in spruce was less serious than the shortage in Liberty motors. Certain plants, though sufficiently stocked with spruce, were not turning out machines. In the end it appeared that the heart of the trouble was administrative incompetence in the aircraft production department at Washington. The department was reorganized. A civilian was placed in supreme command. With the development of competent administration at headquarters, strikes in the spruce country disappeared from the headlines. Public interest turned to the less dramatic but controlling question of central administrative efficiency.

Like all serious industrial disturbances, the strikes at Springfield and Bridgeport are more than expressions of headstrong recalcitrancy on the part of a few wilful men. They are symptomatic of administrative incompetence, not only on the part of the local management of the Smith and Wesson plant and of the labor leaders in Bridgeport, but equally on the part of the men in general charge of ordnance production in Washington. The impression is rapidly growing that our entire ordnance programme is dragging much as our aircraft programme dragged last year. The labor turnover in many munition plants is running to scandalous figures; in certain plants machines that should be running twenty-four hours a day are said to be standing idle twenty-four hours a day. Idle machines, whether idle because of strikes or because of mismanagement, mean a lengthened casualty list. Furthermore, machines idle through mismanagement invite the spirit of unrest and demoralization, which is the invariable precursor of lockouts and strikes. When an industry gets so completely out of hand that nothing but the drastic intervention of the President can save it from utter breakdown, the time would seem to have arrived for the thorough reorganization of the governmental department charged with the administration of that industry in behalf of the government. When the production department of army ordnance has been placed under an administration patterned after those which now control the production of aircraft and ships, it is probable that such episodes as those which have kept Bridgeport and Springfield in the headlines will, like the strikes in the spruce country, recede into their proper perspective.

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Land for the Returned Soldier

EVERYWHERE men who are seriously facing the problems of reconstruction are turning their thoughts to the land. Plans for providing the returned soldier with land are rapidly taking shape in England, Canada and Australia, and even in the closely settled belligerent states of the European continent. The argument for such projects is simple and cogent. Many of the soldiers, after months and years in the open air, will be averse to the thought of taking up once more the life in factories or workshops or offices with which they formerly believed themselves content. They would do so under the compulsion of economic necessity. But what right have we to subject to the compulsion of economic necessity men who have risked everything for us? More than anyone else, they have an equitable claim to a healthful and fruitful life on the soil they have defended.

Beyond the argument of the rights of the returned soldier lies the argument of the public need. The war has impressed upon the whole world the vital importance of adequate food supplies. Every European country, from the Urals to Gibraltar, has felt the actual pinch of hunger. In America food has been available to all who have the price; but a considerable and increasing proportion of the population are finding it difficult if not impossible to pay for a sufficiency of nourishing food. Malnutrition, to be sure, we have always had with us. We have had our vicious circles of children underfed, to become adults not efficient enough to procure the means of nourishing their own children properly. But a new sense of nationalism has dawned upon us. We mean to have a physically sound population in the future, if we can compass it. And an important means to this end is to devote a larger fraction of our population to the healthful and healthgiving work of food production. If we can accomplish this through restoring the returned soldier to the land, we can accept any initial expenditure that may be required. We should be a stupid people indeed if we failed to recognize an opportunity at the same time to discharge our obligation to the returned soldier and to make provision against an aggravation of the world food shortage.

As a matter of fact we do recognize this opportunity. Hardly a week passes without the publication of some new plan for providing soldiers' allotments out of the remaining public domain. But we are a people more habituated to the quick perception of opportunities awaiting development than to the patient work essential to the development of such opportunities. A home for every soldier on the public domain: good. But what are the conditions of home making on the public domain that remains to us? This is a question that requires closer examination. And here we can do no better than to summarize the conclusions presented by Secretary Lane in his letter to the President of May 31st.

We still have 230,000,000 acres of unappropriated land, but less than one half of that amount can be cultivated under any possible conditions. Included in the area that can be turned into farms are arid lands capable of irrigation, swamp lands that can be drained and cut over lands with soil worth reclaiming. Of these categories there are also vast acreages under private ownership, with titles that would have to be extinguished if their reclamation were to be undertaken by the government. According to Secretary Lane there are more than 15,000,000 acres of irrigable land on the public domain; possibly 60,000,000 acres of reclaimable swamp lands, public and private; 200,000,000 acres of cut over lands, almost all of which is in private ownership. These lands might be made to provide at least two million homes, and no one supposes that more than two million new farm homes will be needed in the period of reconstruction. If there were such need, it could be met if the millions of acres now uneconomically exploited under the system of absentee ownership and share tenantry were reorganized on a sound agrarian basis. This is a point worth reserving for more detailed consideration. It is sufficient for our immediate purpose to assure ourselves that the physical foundations of agrarian reconstruction are broad enough to meet any possible requirement.

Before our arid and swamp lands can be made available for homes, however, immense works of engineering will have to be carried through. Such works, to be efficiently conducted, will have to be undertaken by the federal government. They must await the close of the war, but, as Secretary Lane insists, it is of the utmost urgency that concrete studies and surveys be instituted at once, so that when the war is over we may know precisely where there are arid lands, swamp lands, cut over lands that we may set about reclaiming, how great the cost will be, how much labor will be required. If we know this and have our plans prepared, we shall be well on the road toward the settlement of one of the most knotty of the problems of demobilization. To such discharged soldiers as desire it, we shall be able to offer temporary employment at once

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in the work of preparing the homes that will later afford them permanent occupation. We shall give them an opportunity to accumulate the savings indispensable to the launching of every hopeful home building enterprise.

Savings? But is not the government to give these lands free, as it gave free lands to the veterans of the Civil War? What the government gave in the sixties was the opportunity of building a home out of lands which, however productive physically, were practically without commercial value. We have no such lands now; if we had, it is not certain that they would be eagerly sought, if the prospects of an early social integration, of the establishment of roads and markets were no better. Today the government can, however, offer more than an equivalent opportunity. It can offer farm homes already prepared for production, already accessible to markets, provided with buildings, machinery, livestock. It cannot offer these farm homes free of charge, as the cost would be prohibitive. Not less than ten thousand dollars on the average will be required to provide such a farm home; more probably the cost will approximate fifteen thousand. A million homes would represent a cost of between ten and fifteen billions. Clearly the government will not go far with an enterprise rolling up the public debt at such a rate. Moreover, if it were setting up discharged soldiers on farms representing so large a free capital, it could not discriminate between those who can actually farm and those who can not. The right of one to a gratuity is as good as the right of another.

But the federal government can properly be expected to see that the engineering work is done at minimum cost and fairly distributed over the lands benefited. In cooperating with the states it may properly be expected to lend its credit for the purchase and improvement of these lands, making possible low interest and a long period for repayment of the principal. What, then, would it actually give to the man who wished to occupy one of these farms? Opportunity and nothing more; opportunity to employ his labor fruitfully in conjunction with the amount of capital technically necessary, not overloaded with interest charges. But opportunity cannot be offered indiscriminately. It is valueless except to the responsible and the qualified, and a fair test of responsibility is ability to make at least a minimum initial payment. This is no bar to the man who leaves the military service without means, since in its engineering work the government can offer employment at rates enabling the worker to save. Not every one will save, but those who will not are not of the material of which successful farm owners can be made.

Because the farm homes that can be provided out of such land as are now available are necessarily costly, though productive plant, they cannot be granted indiscriminately to such as may apply. Each farm home must be of such size and quality, so equipped with machinery and stock, that if handled properly it will yield, besides interest and a minimum amortization, a net income upon which an honest American standard of living can be maintained. To place on such a farm a man who does not understand good agricultural practice and who is unwilling or unable to learn it, or who lacks industry or thrift, would be simply to inaugurate an enterprise foredoomed to bankruptcy. Applicants for such farms must therefore be selected with care. But there are no principles of selection that are inerrant. Accordingly tenure through a considerable number of years must be conditional upon satisfactory performance.

These and other considerations that will readily occur to anyone who is interested in agrarian problems point straight to the necessity of community, instead of individual settlement. Let us not think of the individual returned soldier exiled to a tongue of green land between the stony breasts of western mountains, or marooned on a dry square in the midst of the Dismal Swamp, but of organic communities of one or two hundred farms, with competent agricultural advisers to brace up the technique of those who are willing to learn and an organ of administration to expel from the community those who persist in making an eye-sore of their privilege and a centre of demoralization for the community. In such a community the man who loves the soil would not need to be deprived of agreeable social intercourse, as is so often the case in the existing agrarian system. With a whole community of men who are live and efficient, cooperative institutions would not be slow in developing. This sounds Utopian? It is not in the least Utopian. Such communities have been in successful operation in Australia for years. And if Australia seems too Antipodean to be relevant, we have such a community at Durham, California. It is less than a year since the state of California undertook the establishment of this community; yet it has practically passed beyond the experimental stage and is prepared to run itself with a minimum of interference from the state board that created it.

But does not this method of settling soldiers on the land imply a colossal amount of detail? We gave our Civil War veterans maps of areas of raw land from which to choose quarter sections, and then dropped them from mind except on Decoration Day. Now we have to build vast irrigation and drainage works, level down hillocks, pull stumps, build houses, sink wells, and even with all that done, we can't plant the first soldier who comes along and

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go about our business. No, we must find out whether he can farm, whether he is a desirable neighbor; we must place professional agricultural skill at his command; we must collect payments from him through years and watch him through years to see that he does not slip into shameless inertia and spot up our model community with his weedy fields and idle manners. Our minds balk. Can anything so complicated be managed from Washington?

No: Washington cannot manage any such enterprise. Washington can give the primary impetus. It can undertake the works of engineering; it can provide cheap money for improvement; it can subsidize agricultural education; it can compile the statistics. But if these settlement communities are to be real and viable, adapting themselves in their technique and their social life to the infinite variety of the American soil, they must enlist the cooperation of state and local governments. They must excite the interest and appeal to the pride of private persons who love their state, as well as their nation. It was a little group of such private persons, under the leadership of Professor Ellwood Mead, that induced the state of California to make its first experiment and carried the enterprise through to success. There is public spirit enough and there is expert agricultural ability enough in the several states to meet the needs of the case. What is required is a mobilization of such abilities behind a practical general plan. Such a mobilization Secretary Lane is endeavoring to effect.

Where the lands to be colonized are held in private property the wisest plan would be to have the states, not the federal government, acquire them. Money for improvement should be provided by the federal government, but the state should assume responsibility for recovering payment. Only in this way is it possible to escape the danger of pork barrel legislation and the cry of favoritism. Furthermore, any plan of colonization would have a tendency to inflate the values of available lands. The states, with their direct taxing power, are in a position to check such inflation. The federal government is not. But most important of all, a direct stake in the enterprise would enlist the interest of the state as no purely federal enterprise could do.

Many states, it may be thought, could take no part in this work, since they are already fully settled. But is there, in fact, any state which does not have its own extensive areas of tenant-ridden lands, with tumble-down buildings, depleted soil, brush-grown pastures, almost as much in need of reclamation as the swamps of the south or the deserts of the west? Such areas can be reclaimed only at the cost of extinguishing private titles; but when we recall that vast engineering enterprises must be completed before it is worth while to clear and level swamp and arid lands, we can readily conceive that the net cost of creating farms in the so-called settled regions need not exceed that of creating farms on the public domain.

But what of the tenants displaced by such a method of colonization? We shall eventually have to get around to them, too. We want our returned soldiers who desire to farm established under such conditions that they may thrive and thereby serve as a sound element in the body politic. Is that any reason why we should not be solicitous over the existence of a hopeless, inefficient tenantry? When once we have seriously addressed ourselves to the task of agricultural reconstruction we shall probably not stop until every farm maintains its man—a real man, industrious, unworried by landlord or usurer, a sound support of American democracy.

But that is looking to the remote future. Immediately ahead of us is the problem of the returned soldier. What preparations are we making to meet the just claims of those who wish to serve us by returning to the land? Secretary Lane and his department are doing their part. They are giving the original impetus; they are trying to effect the state and federal cooperation that is essential to the enterprise. But the local response is inaudible. Local thinking is concentrated on affairs that can be handled only by the federal government; war, and the work of war. It appears to be neglecting affairs in which the states must necessarily play an essential part: reconstruction, and preparations for reconstruction. If every state could organize one colony like the colony at Durham, California, or if in default of state action, public-spirited private individuals would do so, we should begin to accumulate a fund of experience that would insure us against inaction when the soldiers return. But time is pressing. As we hope, there is but one year to prepare. At most and worst, there can hardly be more than two.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The German Hopes

THERE is always some embarrassment in discussing our own plans of victory, but we may serve the same end by discussing those of the enemy. He has now only one hope—to compensate himself in the east for his thwarted ambitions in France and Belgium; and the net effect of the Allied victories in July and August is to confirm the views expressed by von Kühlmann just before his fall. Von Kühlmann would not have declared that military victory on the west was impossible for either side unless he had had some military backing, and we may as well call it by Hindenburg's name as by any other. At any rate, that

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backing, too shy to defend Kühlmann, is now well to the front and dominant in German military councils. Even the most rabid pan-German papers have admitted that henceforth politics must aid the soldiers; in other words, that Michael must brandish an olive branch as well as his sword. We are back once more in the atmosphere of the autumn of 1916, after the defeats at Verdun and the entry of Rumania into the war.

The key to the understanding of war strategy is often political, and it is so in this case. The German General Staff was much more than a body of scientific students of war. It was dominated by a political clique which hated France as the home of democratic revolution, and was in alliance with commercial jingoes who coveted French and Belgian coal and iron mines. That is why the Staff has always made a fetish of the break-through on the west and its leaders one after another—von Moltke, von Falkenhayn, and soon perhaps Ludendorff—have sacrificed themselves on that altar. But there has always been a party in Germany which did not share these political views. It would not have gone through Belgium, it might not have attacked France, but it did want a nice little three months' picnic to Petrograd and Moscow, the confirmation of Germany's paramountcy in the Balkans, and the reversion of Russia's ambitions in Asia. This party is always dominant after Germany has suffered defeats, and it is dominant now. Let us examine its aims and methods.

As in 1917, it will drop the idea of a break-through on the west and will fall back on the defensive. The gains of this spring will, most of them, be abandoned, for they are less than useless if there is no idea of a break-through. The new line will keep the Messines Ridge and as much high ground near Ypres as is convenient, but for the rest will follow the old Hindenburg line, which, however, was not in reality a line at all, but a fortified area. This fortified area will be increased in depth, the calculation being that if only it is deep enough it can be stretched, but not broken, and that time will be afforded to concentrate for counter attacks. There will be switch lines and behind the first fortified zones there will be others, a second, say, connecting Antwerp and the Meuse Valley, a third covering Liége and the Ardennes *massif*, and so on. These lines will be defended with extreme obstinacy by troops the excellency of whose lateral communications will make good their inferiority in numbers. If they hold, they hold; if they crumble, it will be by slow degrees; and as the enemy falls back his offers to barter the west for the east will take more and more definite forms. The offers of peace will become more and more ample. No opportunity of playing on the war-weariness of France will be missed. That is one part of their programme.

The other part will be in the east, under which term is included Italy. A really vigorous campaign against Italy would benefit Austria, if it were successful, rather than Germany; and that is why Germany has never been inclined to spend many men on this front. Austria would refuse to take part in an offensive campaign against France. But if Germany were clearly on the defensive in the west the case might be different. On condition that Austria (who in the event of success against Italy would be free of all danger on her fronts) send a very large contingent to the west front, Germany might consent to make a whole-hearted attempt against Italy. That is one possibility, and it should be provided against. Fortunately, the principle of the united command has been extended to Italy. But there are alternatives. Germany might use what troops she had to spare to make sure of Petrograd; it would not be a very big business. Or she might launch an expedition along the northern shores of the Black Sea and establish herself firmly on the Caspian, where she could discipline the inconveniently ambitious claims of Turkey. She might also in that way break the revolutionary movement in Russia and force the Czecho-Slovaks either to retire into Siberia where they would be out of harm's way or surrender. Nor need she employ for this end very numerous troops or her best. And these operations on the east, whether in Italy or in Russia or in Asia, would be prosecuted with the more vigor the more the Allies gained ground on the west; and all the time the offers to make peace, if only Germany's gains in the east were recognized, would be repeated in a more and more liberal guise. In time the Germans hope to take advantage of a moment of extreme war-weariness and so make peace on a basis which will sacrifice the west for the sake of those gains in the east, which were, after all, the chief political motive of the war.

Such is the plan of the enemy. The question is, Are we prepared to counter it? The measure of success that we gained by the offensive of 1917 will not suffice to defeat it; on the contrary, if we do as well and no better there is an excellent chance of the Germans getting their way. It depends very largely on America whether we merely do as well as we did last year or whether we do so much better that we can get our way not on the west only, for that the Germans are prepared, but also on the east. Is America doing everything that she can? Is her reading of the military situation absolutely complete?

In France America has been superb. Her troops have completely changed the situation and al-

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ready, before America's full military power has been half developed, they have completely wiped off the adverse balance brought about by Russia's defection. But the greater America's strength and the more quickly it is matured, the stronger becomes the inducement to Germany to evade the blow. The military plans that have been outlined in this article are in fact Germany's device for parrying the growing strength of the United States in France and the vastly improved quality of the leadership since the principle of the united command was adopted. Have we made provision against the dangers of a transference to the east of what offensive power still remains to Germany? The problem may be put shortly thus: If we are sure that we can break through on the west this year or next, well and good; but unless we are sure we need to take more effective measures than have yet been taken to secure our position on the east. We must not let the adverse balance in the east run on too long or too high, for if we do we may be playing into the hands of the enemy, whose main hope now is to accumulate assets in the east which he may later be able to turn to good account. We must reconstitute the eastern front in some form or another, and it is highly desirable that the United States should see her way to render some effective help in this task. It is not suggested that America should divert large bodies of troops to the eastern sphere, though undoubtedly whatever can be spared from France can be used to great advantage in the east. More important, however, than active military help is her assistance in supplies of munitions, and above all of rolling stock, and her political assistance.

The United States has never quite adopted the idea of reconstituting the eastern front in the form in which it has commended itself to the European governments. But President Wilson is perfectly clear with regard to two points. First, we are to provide a nucleus round which Russian nationalism may rally, and, secondly, we are to give what assistance is possible to our allies, the Czecho-Slovaks. In both these objects our aim must be to avoid interference as far as possible in the internal affairs of Russia.

In the writer's opinion the way in which the objects that President Wilson has at heart can best be served, and at the same time his proper and wise scruples against interfering in Russian internal politics can best be respected, is by an American declaration of war against Turkey. When all is said, the only part of Asia in which the eastern front can be effectively reconstituted is in the middle east. Useful work can be done in eastern Siberia. Under certain circumstances our occupation of the Murman coast might have important military consequences. But the nearest neighbor to Russia and our best method of approach to her is Turkey. Supposing that our object were to get into touch with the nationalist elements of Russia and that without giving any ground for political prejudice against us in Russia, the way is over the prostrate form of Turkey. The reasons for this view will be developed in a later article. Here it is sufficient to state the conclusions broadly. The best way of reconstituting the eastern front is by the overthrow of Turkey. The best way of answering the risks of a sudden transference of German offensive effort towards the east is also by the overthrow of Turkey. Therefore the best way in which America can assist in these objects is by a declaration of war against Turkey.

H. SIDEBOTHAM.

American Ideals of Poetry

II

IT could be established, I believe, with mechanical precision, that the rhythmic values most cherished by those social rebels who now write so much "free verse," are values practically incommunicable to others, and absolutely incommunicable by the method usually adopted, that of printing words on a page. A little of that icy matter-of-fact realism with which Poe used to scatter the sweet foggy thoughts of the literarious, while it might not affect the art of these poets, would surely reduce the volume of what they have to say about it. For instance, here is the answer of one of them to an assertion that the line division in free verse is "arbitrary," and that if we copied one of these long poems in solid prose, the poet himself could hardly divide it again as it was:

"Free verse that is free verse is *not* arbitrary," declares this poet. "Much of it is, of course—so are many canvasses mere splashy imitations of Matisse. But there is free verse that resolves itself into just those lines—a little more subtly than sonnets or triolets—by virtue of pauses, of heartbeats, of the quickness or slowness of your breath, and maybe of your pulse itself. . . . It tries to give the rhythm value of those hesitations, those quickenings and slowings of the flow of ideas, the flutterings—it is *closer to the breath,* as modern music and modern dance are, or as primitive music and primitive dance were."

It is impossible not to respond to such assertions, for we know in ourselves what these exquisite differential experiences are. Anyone who has ever written love letters—which are a kind of aboriginal free verse—knows what they are. And yet I believe it is obvious, if not demonstrable, that most of

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them are too individual to be communicated even to a lover. Human nature is too various for it to be true that the same hesitations, the same quickenings and slowings of the flow of ideas, flutterings of the breath or pulse, will reproduce themselves in another upon the perception of the same visible symbols. And while this fact may make the art of composition seem a little monotonous, it is better that art should be monotonous than that the world should. And it would be a monotonous world in which different people were so much alike, or we ourselves so much alike at different moments, that these minute filigrees of feeling should be altogether durable and capable of being served round in paper and ink.

There are values of verbal rhythm in a flow of thought and feeling which exist for one individual alone, and for him once only. There are other values less delicate which he can reproduce in himself at will, but can not altogether communicate to other minds whose thoughts and feelings are too much their own. There are other values, still less delicate, which he might communicate by vocal utterance and rhythmic gesture, taking possession as it were of the very pulse and respiration of others. But poetry which is composed for publication ought to occupy itself with those rhythmic values which may be communicated to other rhythmic minds through the printing of words on a page. It ought to do this, at least, if it pretends to an attitude that is, even in the most rudimentary degree, social.

A mature science of rhythm might be imagined to stride into the room where these poets are discussing the musical values of their verse, seize two or three of the most "free" and subtle among them, lock them into separate sound-proof chambers, and allow them to read one of their favorite passages into the ear of a machine designed to record in spatial outline the pulsations of vocal accent. It is safe to assert that there would be less identity in the actual pulsations recorded than if the same two were reading a passage of highly wrought English prose.* And the reason for this is that free verse imports into English prose a form of punctuation that is exceedingly gross and yet absolutely inconsequential. Its line division has neither a metrical nor a logical significance that exists objectively. It can mean at any time anything that is desirable to the whims, or needful to the difficulties, of the reader or the writer. It is a very sign and instrument of subjectivity. To incorporate in a passage of printed symbols an indeterminate element so marked and so frequent as this, is to say to the reader—"Take the passage and organize it into whatever rhythmical pattern may please yourself." And that is what the reader of free verse usually does, knowing that if he comes into any great difficulty, he can make a full stop at the end of some line, and shift the gears of his rhythm altogether. And since it is possible for one who is rhythmically gifted to organize *any indeterminate series of impressions whatever* into a perceptible rhythm, he frequently produces a very enjoyable piece of music, which he attributes to the author and, having made it himself, is not unable to admire. Thus a good many poets, who could perhaps hardly beat a going march on a base drum, are enabled by the gullibility and talent of their readers to come forward in this kind of writing as musicians of special and elaborate skill. The "freedom" that it gives them is not a freedom to build rhythms that are impossible in prose, but a freedom from the necessity to build actual and continuous rhythms. Free verse avails itself of the rhythmic appearance of poetry, and it avoids the extreme rhythmic difficulties of prose, and so it will assuredly live as a supremely convenient way to write, among those not too strongly appealed to by the greater convenience of not writing. But as an object of the effort of ambitious artists I cannot believe it will long survive the knowledge that it is merely a convenience, a form of mumble and indetermination in their art.

Walt Whitman, however he may have been deceived about the social and democratic character of his form, was not deceived, as the modern eulogists of free verse are, about its subtlety. He thought that he had gained in volume and directness of communion, but he knew that he was discarding subtlety, discarding in advance all those beautiful and decadent wonders of microscopic and morbid audacity that developed in France among the admirers of Poe. The modern disciples of his form, however, are materially of Poe's persuasion, and like to believe that they have in free verse an instrument expressly fitted for the communication of those wonders, and of the most delicate modulations of that "verbal melody" that Whitman scorned. In this, from the true standpoint of criticism, Whitman has a commanding advantage over them and what can be said of free verse in general cannot be said of his poems. He did achieve the predominant thing that he aimed to achieve—he made his poetry rough and artless in

* This statement is borne out by Mr. William Morrison Patterson's account of the record of Amy Lowell's reading of her poems in his laboratory. It constitutes the preface of the second edition of his book, The Rhythm of Prose—a book, which, upon the true basis of experimentation, analyzes and defines convincingly for the first time the nature of rhythmical experience, and the manner in which it is derived by the reader both from prose and metrical poetry. Until it is amplified or improved by further investigation, this book will surely be the basis of every scientific discussion of the questions involved here.

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spite of his fineness and art. He made it like the universe and like the presence of a man. In that triumph it will stand. In that character it will mould and influence the literature of democracy, because it will mould and influence all literature in all lands.

"Who touches this book touches a man."

There is, however, another ideal of poetry that Walt Whitman confused with this one, and that he no more exemplified in his form than he exemplified democratic and social communion. And this ideal prevails too in the minds of his modern followers. It is the ideal of being natural, of being primitive, dismissing "refinements" and the tricks of literary sophistication. He wanted his poetry to sound with nature and the untutored heart of humanity. It was in the radiance of this desire that he spoke of rhythmical prose as a "vast diviner heaven" toward which poetry would move in its future development in America. Prose seemed to him diviner because it seemed more simple, more large with candor and directness. But here again a cool and clear science will show that his nature led him in a contrary direction from its ideal. The music of prose is only dissimilar to that of poetry in its complexity, its subtle and refined *dissimulation* of the fundamental monotonous meter that exists, either expressed or implied, in the heart of all rhythmical experience. Persons who can read the rhythm of prose can do so because they have in their own breast, or intellect, a subdued or tacit perpetual standard pulse-beat, around which by various instinctive-mathematical tricks of substitution and syncopation they so arrange the accents of the uttered syllables that they fall in with its measure, and become one with it, increasing its momentum and its effect of entrancement upon the nerves and body. There is no rhythm without this metrical basis, no value in rhythm comparable to the trance that its thrilling monotony engenders. Its undulations are akin to the intrinsic character of neural motion, and that is why, almost as though it were a chemical thing—a stimulant and narcotic—it takes possession of our state-of-being and controls it.

Poetry only naïvely acknowledges this ecstatic monotony that lives in the heart of all rhythm, brings it out into the light, and there openly weaves upon it the patterns of melodic sound. Poetry is thus the more natural, and both historically and psychologically, the more primitive of the two arts. It is the more simple. Meter, and even rhyme, which is but a colored, light drumbeat, accentuating the meter, are not "ornaments" or "refinements" of something else which may be called "rhythmical speech." They are the heart of rhythmical speech expressed and exposed with a perfectly childlike and candid grandeur. Prose is the refinement. Prose is the sophisticated and studio accomplishment—a thing that infinite numbers of people have not the fineness of endowment or cultivation either to write or read. Prose is a civilized sublimation of poetry, in which the original healthy intoxicant note of the tomtom is so laid over with fine traceries of related sound, that it can no longer be identified at all except by the analytical eye of science.

Walt Whitman was not really playful and childlike enough to go back to nature. His poetry was less primitive and savage than it was superhuman and sublime. His emotions were as though they came to him through a celestial telescope. There is something more properly savage—something at least truly barbarous—in a poem like Poe's Bells. And in Poe's insistence upon "Beauty" as the sole legitimate province of the poem—beauty, which he defines as a special and dispassionate "excitement of the soul"—he is nearer to the mood of the snake dance. Poetry was to him a deliberate perpetration of ecstasy. And one can see in reading his verses how he was attuned to sway and quiver to the mere syllabic singing of a kettledrum, until his naked visions grew more intense and lovely than the passions and real meanings of his life. It is actually primitive, as well as childlike, to play with poetry in this intense and yet unsanctimonious way that Poe did, and Baudelaire too, and Swinburne. Play is nearer to the heart of nature than aspiration. It is healthier perhaps too, and more to the taste of the future, than priesthood. I think the essence of what we call classical in an artist's attitude is his quite frank acknowledgment that—whatever great things may come of it—he is at play.

The art of the Athenians was objective and overt about being what it is, because the Athenians were educated as all free men should be for play. They were making things, and the eagerness of their hearts flowed freely out like a child's through their eyes upon the things that they made. That pearl of adult degeneration, the self, was very little cultivated in Athens; the "artistic temperament" was unborn; and sin, and the perpetual yearning beyond of Christians, had not been thought of. A little group of isolated and exclusive miracles had not reduced all the true and current glories of life to a status of ignobility, so that every great thing must contain in itself intimations of otherness. The Athenians were radiantly willing, without any cosmical preparation or blare of moral resolve, to let the constellations stay where they are. It was their custom to "loaf and invite their souls," to be "satisfied—see, dance, laugh, sing." They were so maturely naïve that

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they would hardly understand what Walt Whitman, with his declarations of animal independence, was trying to recover from. And so it is by way of their happy and sun-loved city that we can most assuredly go back to nature.

And when we have arrived at a mood that is really and childly natural—a mood that will play, even with aspiration, and will spontaneously make out of interesting materials " things " to play with, and when in that mood we give our interest to the materials of reality in our own time, then perhaps we shall find that we have arrived also at a poetry that belongs to the people. For people are, in the depths of them and on the average as they are born, still natural, still savage. And there is no doubt that nature never fashioned them to work harder, or be more serious, or filled with self-conscious purports, than was necessary. She meant them to live and flow out upon the world with the bright colors of their interest. And it will seem rather a fever in the light of universal history, this hot subjective meaningfulness of everything we modern occidentals value. The poet and the poet-painters of ancient China knew that all life and nature was so sacred with the miracle of being that only the lucid line and color was needed to command an immortal reverence. They loved perfection devoutly, as it will rarely be loved, but they too, with their gift of delicate freedom in kinship with nature, were at play. And in Japan even today—surviving from that time—there is a form of poetry that is objective and childlike, a making of toys or of exquisite metrical gems of imaginative realization, and this is the only poetry in the world that is truly popular, and is loved and cultivated by a nation.

If, with this pagan and oriental love for the created thing—the same love that kept a light in Poe's sombre heart—we enter somewhat irreverently into Walt Whitman's volume, seeking our own treasure and not hesitating to remove it from its bed of immortal slag, we do find poems in new forms of exquisite and wonderful definition. Sometimes for the length of one, or two, or three lines, and occasionally for a stanza, and once for the whole poem—" When I hear at the close of the day "—Walt Whitman seems to desire and achieve the carved concentration of image and emotion, the definite and thrilling chime of syllables along a chain that begins and ends and has a native way of uttering itself to all minds that are in tune. He seems, without losing that large grace of freedom from the pose and elegance of words in a book, which was his most original gift to the world, to possess himself of the mood that is truly primitive, and social, and intelligible to the hearts of simple people—the mood that loves with a curious wonder the poised and perfect existence of a thing.

HUSH'D BE THE CAMPS TODAY

Hush'd be the camps today;
And, soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons;
And each with musing soul retire, to celebrate,
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts;
Nor victory, nor defeat—no more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

RECONCILIATION

Word over all, beautiful as the sky!
Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage, must in time be utterly lost;
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night, incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world. . .

These sculptural sentences, with their rhythmic and still clarity of form, if they had been the end and essence of his art, and not only a by-accident of inevitable genius, might have led the way, not perhaps to a great national poetry for America, but beyond that into something international and belonging to the universe of man. The step forward from them would not have been towards a greater sprawling and subjectifying of rhythmic and poetic character, but towards an increasing objective perfection which should still cling to the new and breathless thing, the presence of one who lives and speaks his heart naturally. I choose them, not only because they are among the most musical and imaginative lines that Walt Whitman wrote, but also because in bringing a mood that is calm and a lulling of wind in the world's agonies of hate, they show themselves to be deep. And so it will not be thought that when I say the poet of democracy will be a child who is at play with the making of things, I desire to narrow the range and poignancy of the things he will make. He will be free, and he will move with a knowing and profound mind among all the experiences and the dreams of men. But to whatever heights of rhapsody, or moral aspiration, or now unimaginable truth he may come, he will come as a child whose clear eyes and deliberate creative purposes are always appropriate and never need to be justified, because they are the purpose of nature.

MAX EASTMAN.

Frost Without Wind

Invisible in the breathless night,
The subtle frost worked stealthily;
Of golden leaf and scarlet leaf
He stripped the virgin maple tree.

A glowing circle round her feet
She dropped her warm robe on the lawn;
Stark free she stretched her silver limbs
Naked and slender in the dawn.

R. P. UTTER.

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Coal

IN coal the first thing is, of course, production; but we must then consider, with special emphasis, the subject of distribution. There is bound to be a "shortage." Between our maximum possible output and our present exorbitant demand there is bound to be a gap. This gap will exist, even if the Fuel Administration and every operator and every miner works every working day at an efficiency of one hundred per cent. Therefore, after having inquired into the question how much coal are we digging, we must most particularly inquire into the question what arrangements have we made for seeing to it that what we have dug shall go by the right routes in the right quantities to the right bins?

As a preliminary to both questions, however, we must begin by noting a certain great change in the Fuel Administration. It is a change in personnel. The time was when the Fuel Administration was not conspicuous for personal talent of experience in fuel. It seemed to be built on the distinctively American principle that regulatory bodies should be as alien as possible from the technique of the field to be regulated. This principle perhaps conduces to theoretical justice and far-fetched impartiality. It does not conduce to speed. And war is speed. We now therefore see the penetration of the Fuel Administration by fuel people.

There are two principal parts in the Fuel Administration—one called simply "Administration" and one called "Distribution." The head of "Administration" is Cyrus Garnsey, Jr., a coal man. "Administration" includes Production. The head of Production, charged with the stimulating of Production, is J. B. Neale, a coal man. Subordinate to him, and scattered over the country, by districts, recently created, are numerous "Production Managers," coal men.

Thus, well represented in the part called "Administration," the fuel people are equally well represented in the part called "Distribution." The head of "Distribution" is J. D. A. Morrow, who came to this position from being General Secretary of the National Coal Association, which includes and speaks for the great majority of the 7,500 bitumonious coal operators of the United States. Subordinate to Mr. Morrow are the heads of the Bureaus of Bituminous Coal Distribution, Anthracite Coal Distribution, and Coke Distribution—Messrs. Calloway, Learoyd and Blauvelt—coal men. Also subordinate to Mr. Morrow is the head of the Bureau of State Distribution—A. M. Ogle—a coal man. The Bureau of State Distribution is the principal Washington link between the original producers and the local distributors. But the local distributors were not usually appointed for special proficiency in coal. Their qualifications were more general. They needed to be supplemented, in their several parts of the country, by coal men. And they have been so supplemented. We now have a system of numerous "District Representatives," coal men, through whom the local distributors convey their requests to the mines. These District Representatives are put forward by their fellow coal-men and are then confirmed by the Fuel Administration.

In such circumstances it is no longer possible to charge the Fuel Administration with being a mere fortuitous constellation of glittering amateurs. Dr. Garfield is now surrounded by great quantities of thoroughly experienced technical advice and assistance. The change is surely highly creditable, both to Dr. Garfield's own hospitality and to the patriotism and good business judgment of the members of the National Coal Association, who have volunteered, at great immediate cost of private money and of private time, to help steer the boat instead of being content with rocking it.

This point fixed, let us proceed to examine our records of actual production; and let us begin with anthracite.

In anthracite we have had a really quite desperate shortage of labor. The number of miners in the anthracite district used to run between 167,000 and 174,000. It has now gone down to about 144,000. Nevertheless our production of anthracite has gone up, slightly. In the last coal year, by the end of August of 1917, we had produced some 43,000,000 tons of anthracite. In this coal year, by the end of this August of 1918, we have produced some 44,000,000 tons. And in the last week of August, with our labor supply at its lowest, we produced more anthracite coal than in any other week of this calendar year and we exceeded the production of the corresponding week of the last calendar year by more than a quarter of a million of tons.

This record *is* a record, and it is difficult to see how any just complaint can be made about it. On the contrary, we find ourselves confronted with the duty of offering a little unaccustomed praise to the stiff-necked miners of the Anthracite District and to the grasping officials of the Anthracite Trust—and to the Fuel Administration.

Passing from anthracite to bituminous, we enter a region much more spacious and much more difficult. Bituminous is the real task, the colossal task.

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For the coal year extending from April 1, 1918, to April 1, 1919, the Fuel Administration has a "budget" for bituminous. This budget calls for the terrific total of 635,000,000 tons.

We are not living up to it. It was set very high. It was set at a level far above the level of last year. We are beating last year's record, but we are not rising to this year's "budget." By the end of August, in the five months between April 1st and August 31st, we had dug some 25,000,000 more tons of bituminous coal than in the corresponding period of last year. But we had dug some 15,000,000 fewer tons than demanded by our "budget," our "estimate," of current and prospective requirements for this summer and this fall and next winter. We were 25,000,000 tons ahead of history and 15,000,000 tons behind hope. We were doing well, considering war-time difficulties; but, if our "budget" is correct, we were not doing well enough. And the important query, from the standpoint of production, becomes this: How much is 15,000,000 tons, measured in working effort? And can it be made up?

Measured in working effort, 15,000,000 tons is not much more than one big week's output. In the week of July 13th we produced 13,250,000 tons of bituminous coal. We can regard ourselves, at the end of almost half of our coal year, as being only some seven or eight working days behind our "budget."

But it will not be easy to make up those seven or eight days. The week of July 13th, with its output of more than 13,000,000 tons, was our top week. Since then we have been going, on the whole, quite steadily downward. In the week of August 17th we went below 12,000,000 tons. In doing so we went below our minimum "budget"-made weekly requirements. Those requirements stand now at some 12,500,000 tons. That is, in order to extinguish our deficit and in order to arrive at April 1, 1919, with our "budget" fully met, we must produce, on the average, every week, some 12,500,000 tons, from now on, all through the fall and the winter. And if we could drop below 12,000,000 tons in a summer week, are we not likely to have great difficulty in rising to 12,500,000 tons in a fall or winter week of bad weather and of bad railway coal-car service?

Clearly we shall need our utmost of endeavor. This utmost, ideally, is "full-time output." "Full-time output" is the phrase used by Washington to indicate the output which would be achieved if all the elements of production were at their ideal possible maximum of efficiency. Naturally, it will never be reached. One coal-car missing at the mine-mouth, one employee absent at a funeral, one mine-pump out of order, would reduce "full-time output" from 100 per cent to something below 100 per cent. The problem is: How close to 100 per cent can we go and can we stay?

In the week of April 13th we were at only 70 per cent of "full-time output." Thereafter we improved. Coal-car service improved, and other things improved, and, with fluctuations, our percentage of "full-time output" rose. In the week of July 13th (our top week) it rose to 87 per cent. But thereafter it declined. In the week of August 10th it declined to 80 per cent. And we may confidently say that to go beyond 80 per cent, upward, in winter-war-time, with all its shortened facilities of all sorts, will indeed test our skill. Therefore let us ask:

What are the elements of production in coal? Between them, as we have seen, they fell 20 per cent behind "full-time output" in the week of August 10th. They produced a technical "failure" of 20 per cent. What were their several respective contributions to that "failure"?

Let us begin with the employers. They are the first element of production, and they bear the first responsibility. Of course, in the minds of a certain section of the public, they bear no responsibility at all, in any matter of inadequate output. Inadequate output, according to this section of the public, is an exclusive function of the employees. If the employees would stop going to funerals and saloons and trade-union meetings, if they would forswear absenteeism and alcoholism and socialism, our output would be perfect. Such views do not correspond to the facts and, fortunately, they are not countenanced by the Fuel Administration or by the employers, the coal operators and coal experts, who are now so prominent in the Fuel Administration's offices. In a recent communication to the coal industry the following language was used by the Fuel Administration's Director of Production, J. B. Neale, who is neither politician nor bureaucrat, but coal business man:

"It is true that each day throughout the country many thousands of tons of coal are not mined, due to absence, inefficiency and short hours worked by mine employees; but it is equally true that each day many thousands of tons of coal are not mined, due to the fact that the coal operators have not made it possible for the mine workers to do as much as they are willing to do and would do."

In other words, the coal operators do not arrive, in mass, at their full, proper and practical efficiency in providing their employees with sufficient timber, with sufficient supplies of other sorts, with good air, with dry working-stations, and so on. They do not succeed in preventing all preventable "Mine Dis-

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ability." "Mine Disability" is the technical phrase for a mine-condition which stops output. And "Mine Disability," in the week of August 10th, made a considerable contribution to the 20 per cent which separated us from a 100 per cent "full-time output."

In that week our "failure" of 20 per cent was divided as follows:

The Railways—"Car Shortage"	9.8 per cent
The Employees—"Labor Shortage and Strikes"	4.0 per cent
The Employers—"Mine Disability"	4.2 per cent
Miscellaneous Causes	2.0 per cent
Total	20.0 per cent

In that week, therefore, "Mine Disability" was a greater handicap than "Labor Shortage and Strikes." The full meaning of "Labor Shortage and Strikes" will be discussed in another article. Here we must note that "Mine Disability" is a really serious "limiting factor" in production. It stood at 4 per cent, or at above 4 per cent, during all the weeks from July 13th to August 10th, inclusive.

What can be done to check it? It cannot be abolished. There will always be accidents to the timber supply, for instance, and to the explosives supply and to the pumping and ventilating machinery.

But there is no doubt that in thousands of mines an appreciable improvement in "management" is possible; and there is no doubt that this improvement is being diligently sought and promoted, both by the National Coal Association and by the Fuel Administration.

In the course of seeking it, in the course of promoting it, we are taking a long step—in fact, two long steps—away from the methods of the past. First, we are accepting a cooperation with government, with the community. Second, we are accepting, even more strikingly, a cooperation with Labor.

Our new "Production Managers," in their various numerous districts throughout the country, represent government in a pretty stringent fashion. It is their duty not merely to offer technical advice, as it might be offered by a correspondence school, but to strive to lift every mine to the best community standard of effectiveness. The word community suits the case (happily) better than the word government. These Production Managers spring from the impulses of the National Coal Association as much as from the impulses of the Fuel Administration. Their work is too recent to have reached any comprehensive statistical reckoning. But the scattered returns from it are already prophetic of considerable accomplishments. And they point us to the day when a certain minimum standard of efficiency, in the individual plant, under cooperative community oversight, will take its place among our social ideals along with such things as a minimum standard of wages.

And the same remark might be made about our new cooperation with Labor in our mines. In each mine we are now appointing a committee of six persons. Three of them represent the management. The other three are chosen from among the rank-and-file employees. In unionized districts these three representatives of the employees will be chosen by action of the union. And for what purpose? Not to discuss wages and profits. Other committees will deal with the division of the spoils of production. These committees are to deal with production itself, with its technique, with the improvement of its technique. We shall have union officials charged with a responsibility for getting out more coal. We shall have rank-and-file employees, at the end of each day, apportioning the blame for inadequate output, part of it to such and such failures by the working force, *part of it to such and such failures by the management.* These rights, these duties, of criticism, against the management as well as against the working-force, will be specified in a following article, in which "Labor Shortage" and "Car Shortage" and "Distribution" will be considered. But there is one fact, on behalf of the employers, which must here be added and applauded. The plan for cooperative employer-employee production-committees was not forced upon the employers. It was detailed to the Fuel Administration by the National Coal Association itself.

Manifestly a miner might get $5,000 a year and have a pipe-organ in his house and still be a helot, a sleek big brother to his mine-mule. Manifestly he comes to industrial citizenship only when he takes a certain interest in, and acquires a certain responsibility for, management. Manifestly. Reason says so. Morality says so. And reason and morality wait for war. And then, in order to kill more Huns more quickly, the National Coal Association insists upon it that the miner shall do something to help run the mine and shall at least begin to take the first degree in industrial citizenship and its rationalizing and moralizing duties. And the Muse of History still stands, unlovely among her symmetrical sisters, with her tongue in her cheek. Why this advance toward a higher manhood? To get more bituminous. And we shall indeed get more of it thereby.

WILLIAM HARD.

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The Education of Joan and Peter

XII

The Guardian Plans His Valedictory

I

OSWALD was feeling acutely—more acutely than he wanted to feel—that his guardianship was at an end. Joan, who had been the mistress of his house, the voice that sang in it, the pretty plant that grew in it, was going now—to return perhaps sometimes as a visitor, but never more to be a part of it, never more to be its habitual presence. Peter, too, was severing the rope, a long rope it had seemed at times during the last three years, that had tethered him to Pelham Ford. . . .

Oswald did not want to think of his coming loneliness. What he wanted to think about was the necessity of rounding off their relationship properly, of ending his educational task with some sort of account rendered. He felt he owed it to these young people and to himself to tell them of his aims and of what he considered the whole of this business of education amounted to. He had to explain what had helped and what had prevented him. "A valediction," he said. "A valediction." But he could not plan out what he had to say. He could not arrange his head, and all the while that he tried to fix his thoughts upon these topics he was filled with uncontrollable self-pity for the solitude ahead of him. But one night as he lay awake things fell into their proper places, and he could feel that his ideas were no longer distorted and confused. The valediction appeared, an ordered discourse. If only he could hold out through a long talk he felt he would be able to make himself plain to them. . . .

He lay in the darkness putting together phrase after phrase, sentence after sentence, developing a long and elaborate argument, dipping down into parentheses, throwing off footnotes, resuming his text. For the most part Joan and Peter remained silent hearers of this discourse, now his ratiocination glowed so brightly that they were almost forgotten, now they came into the discussion, they assisted, they said helpful and understanding things, they raised simple and obvious objections that were beautifully overcome.

"What is education up to?" he would begin. "What *is* education?"

Then came a sentence that he repeated in the stillness of his mind quite a number of times. "Consider this beast we are, this thing man!" He did not reckon with Peter's tendency to prompt replies.

He would begin in the broadest, most elementary way. "Consider this beast we are, this thing man!" so he framed his opening; "a creature restlessly experimental, mischievous and destructive, as sexual as a monkey, and with no really strong social instincts, no such tolerance of his fellows as a deer has, no such instinctive self-devotion as you find in a bee or an ant. A solitary animal, a selfish animal. And yet this creature has now made for itself such conditions that it *must* be social. Must be. Or destroy itself. Continually it invents fresh means by which man may get at man to injure him or help him. That is one view of the creature, Peter, from your biological end." Here Peter was to nod, and remain attentively awaiting the next development. "And at the same time there grows upon us all a sense of a common being and a common interest. Biologically separate, we unify spiritually. More and more do men feel, 'I am not for myself! There is something in me—that belongs to a greater being than myself—of which I am a part.' . . . I won't philosophize. I won't say which may be in the nature of cause and which of effect here. You can put what I have said in a dozen different ways. We may say 'the individual must live in the species and find his happiness there'—that is—Biologese. *Our* language, Peter. Or we can quote, 'I am the True Vine and ye are the Branches.'" Oswald's mind rested on that for a time. "This is not *our* language, Peter, but it is the same idea. Essentially it is the same idea. Or we can talk of the 'One and the Many.' We can say we all live in the mercy of Allah, or, if you are a liberal Jew, that we are all a part of Israel. It seems to me that all these formulæ are so much spluttering and variation over one idea. Doesn't it to you? Men can quarrel mortally even upon the question of how they shall say 'Brotherhood.' . . ."

Here for a time Oswald's mind paused.

Then he embarked upon a great and wonderful parenthesis upon religious intolerance, in which at last he lost himself completely.

"I don't see that men need fall out about religion," was his main proposition.

"There was a time when I was against all religions. I denounced priestcraft and superstition and so on. . . . That is past. That is past. I want peace in the world. . . . Men's minds differ more about *initial* things than they do about *final* things. Some men think in images, others in words and abstract ideas—but yet the two sorts can think out the same practical conclusions. A lot of these chapels and churches only mean a difference in language. . . . Difference in dialect. . . . Often they don't mean the same things, those religious people, by the same words, but often contrariwise they mean the same things by quite different words. The deaf man says the dawn is bright and red, and the blind man says it is a sound of birds. It is the same dawn. The same dawn. . . . One man says 'God' and thinks of a person who is as much of a person as Joan is, and another says 'God' and thinks of an idea more abstract than the square root of minus one. That's a tangle in the primaries of thought and not a difference in practical intention. One can argue about such things forever. . . . One can make a puzzle with a bit of wire that will bother and exasperate people for hours. Is it any wonder then if stating what is at the root of life bothers and exasperates people? . . . Personally I should say now that all religions are right, and none of them very happy in the words and symbols they choose. And none of them are calm enough—not calm enough. Not peaceful enough. They are all floundering about with symbols and metaphors, and it is a pity they will not admit it. . . . Why will people never admit their intellectual limitations in these matters? . . . All the great religions have this in common, this idea in common; they profess to teach the universal brotherhood of man and the universal reign of justice. Why argue about phrases? It's a legitimate thing, I think, to ask any sort of religious teacher or body if it isn't preaching the World League of Nations and social justice now, why the devil it doesn't. I don't see why every church and mosque and temple and every sermon and discourse shouldn't fall quite easily

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into its proper place now and help build up this common idea, which has to be built up and kept up now, which it is clearly the main business before all of us to build up and keep up and realize, the real business of all civilized life, if mankind is to be saved from barbarism and tyranny and degradation and failure, this idea of a common rule and common law and common aim all over the world. It's a great task but it's not an impossible task, this building up of a common idea in everybody. I don't see that we need start a religious dispute by the way. There is common ground enough for a unifying education. The Germans have done as much for their own people in a narrow, wrong-spirited way, and succeeded very remarkably although they are Lutherans and Catholics and all sorts of things religiously; the German state really has manufactured devotion to itself to an extent that was never dreamt of before this war; but now the Germans have taught their lesson to the world, and the good brains and good wills in the world everywhere have to take up on a world-wide scale and in a nobler spirit just that same process of teaching, advertising, propagating, developing, glorifying, finding power for, finding material for, this great peace and cooperation that is possible for mankind.. . . Or are we all footmen and slaves at heart? . . . Will men do for that vulgar fool at Potsdam what they cannot do for God and Mankind? Is that our quality?"

2.

For a long time Oswald stared at his own question. . .

Then he picked up the thread of his thought again. But he picked it up at an earlier point, he harked back to the idea of human unification.

"Men have to be unified. They are driven to seek Unity. And they are still with the individualized instincts of a savage. . . See then what education always has to be! The process of taking this imperfectly social, jealous, deeply savage creature and socializing him. The development of education and the development of human societies are one and the same thing. Education makes the social man. So far as schooling goes, it is quite plainly that. You teach your solitary beast to read and write, you teach him to express himself by drawing, you teach him other languages perhaps and something of the history and distribution of mankind. What is it all but making this creature who would naturally possess only the fierce narrow sociability of a savage family in a cave, into a citizen in a greater community? That is how I see it. That primarily is what has been done to you. An uneducated man is a man who can talk to a few score familiar people with a few hundred words. You two can talk to a quarter of mankind. With the help of a little translation you can get to understandings with most of mankind. . . As a child learns the accepted language and the accepted writing and the laws and rules of life it learns community. Watching the education of you two has made me believe more and more in the idea that, over and above the enlargement of expression and understanding, education is the state explaining itself to and incorporating the will of the individual. . .

"Yes—but what state? What state? Now we come to it. . ."

Oswald sketched out an essay upon history.

"All history is the record of an effort in man to form communities, an effort against resistance—against instinctive resistance. There seems no natural and proper limit to a human community. (That's my great point, that. That is what I have to tell them.) That is the final teaching of History, Joan and Peter, the very quintessence of History, that limitlessness of the community. As soon as men get a community of any size organized, it begins forthwith to develop roads, wheels, writing, ship-building, and all manner of things which presently set a fresh growth growing again. Let that too go on. Presently comes steam, mechanical traction, telegraphy, the telephone, wireless, aeroplanes; and each means an extension of range, and each therefore demands a larger community. . . There seems no limit to the growth of states. I remember, Peter, a talk we had; we agreed that this hackneyed analogy people draw between the life and death of animals and the life and death of states was bad and silly. It isn't the same thing, Joan, at all. An animal, you see, has a limit of size; it develops no new organs for further growth when it has reached that limit, it breeds its successors, it ages naturally; when it dies, it dies for good and all and is cleared away. Exactly the converse is true of a human community. Exactly? Yes, exactly. There is no limit to its continuance or its adaptability. None. If it can develop its educational system steadily—note that—if it can keep up communications, it can go on indefinitely, conquering, ousting, assimilating. Even an amœba breaks up after growth, but a human community need not do so. And so far from breeding successors it kills them if it can —like Frazer's priest—where was it?—Aricia. The priest of Diana. The priest of The Golden Bough. . ."

3.

Oswald picked up his thread again after a long, half-dreaming excursion in Frazer-land.

"It is just this limitlessness, this potential immortality of states that makes all the confusion and bloodshed of history. What is happening in the world today? What is the essence of it all? The communities of today are developing *range,* faster than ever they did—aeroplanes, guns, swifter ships, everywhere an increasing range of action. That is the most important fact to grasp about the modern world. It is the key fact in politics. From the first dawn of the human story you see man in a kind of puzzled way—how shall I put it?—*pursuing the boundary of his possible community.* Which always recedes. Which recedes now faster than ever. Until it brings him to a fatal war and disaster. Over and over again it is the same story. If you had a colored historical atlas of the world, the maps would be just a series of great dabs of empire, spreading, spreading—coming against resistances—collapsing. Each dab tries to devour the world and fails. There is no natural limit to a human community, no limit in time or space—except one."

"Genus Homo, species Sapiens, Mankind, that is the only limit." (Peter perhaps might have that line.)

"That's clear," said Oswald, "that gets it. And so to the World League of Nations, the super state. . ."

How should he go on? His theme was, after all, education; and not human history, except in so far as that affected education. He had to get back to education now.

"What has the history of education always been? A series of little teaching chaps trying to follow up and *fix* the fluctuating boundaries of communities"—an image came into Oswald's head that pleased him and led him on—"like an insufficient supply of upholsterers trying to overtake and tack down a carpet that was blowing away in front of a gale. An insufficient supply of upholsterers. . . . And the carpet always growing as it blows. That's good. . . They were trying to fix something they hadn't clearly defined. And you have a lot of them still hammering away at their tacks when the edge of the carpet

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has gone on far ahead. . . That was really the state of education in England when I took you two young people in hand; the carpet was in the air and most of the schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, writers, teachers, journalists, and all who build up and confirm ideas were hammering in tacks where the carpet had been resting the day before yesterday. But a lot were not even hammering. No. They just went easy. Yes, that is what I mean when I say that education was altogether at loose ends. Education in this country was once frankly Anglican, the universities were shut to Dissenters and Catholics; schools, newspapers, every institution, preached the British Constitution, the Hanoverian monarchy, the inflexible laws of political economy, Aunt Charlotte in excelsis. Well, education had broken away from that, but it had got to nothing else—when you began. That was how it was. I went about asking schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, 'What sort of citizen are you trying to make? What sort of world are you making them for?' I never got an answer. They didn't know. They hadn't thought of it like that. . . It wasn't only Britain that was confused—educationally. France was split between the Catholic and the republican tradition. But Germany was different; Germany was teaching and teaching in schools, colleges, press, everywhere, this new Imperialism of hers, a sort of patriotic melodrama, with Britain as Carthage, and Berlin instead of Rome. They pointed the whole population to that end. They *taught* this war. All over the world a thousand other educational systems pointed in a thousand directions. And Germany got her blow in first. . .

"Only one other great country had any sort of state education. The United States was also teaching citizenship, on a broader if shallower basis, a wider citizenship, goodwill to all mankind. Shallower. Shallower certainly. But it was there. A republican culture. Candor. . . Generosity. . . The world has still to realize its debt to the common schools of America. . .

"But as for ourselves, how utterly aimless we were!—right up to the very beginning of the war. From top to bottom. We taught everybody to read, and let any ha'-penny-snatching huckster provide the reading. Was there ever anything more like a crowd of people getting into an omnibus without wheels than the History Schools at Oxford? Or your History Tripos?" . . . Oswald repeated his image and saw that it was good. "But things had to be so until something happened tremendous enough to shake people out of their compromise with old institutions, out of routines that seemed safe and easy, into a clear sense of the necessary thing. Education for the world as a whole, steadfast, continuous education, the reorganization of the will and thought of each and every individual upon the one common idea, the idea of the world peace.

"Schooling is education. Politics—public thought—that also is education. Schooling is only the introductory chapter. In a modern state, you must educate to the very end of life. Even our politicians are beginning to understand that, with their War Aims Committee and their propagandas. Rough ways—for filling a gap. . .

"This war has rediscovered the end of education. . ."

Oswald had a feeling that now he had got to the very crown of his matter.

"This League of Free Nations of which all men are dreaming and talking, is the rediscovered outline, the proper teaching of all real education, the necessary outline now of human life. . . There is nothing else to do, nothing else that people of our sort can do at all, nothing but baseness, grossness, vileness, and slavery unless we live now as a part of that process of a world peace. Our lives have got to be political lives. All lives have to be made political lives. We can't run about *loose* any more. This idea of a world-wide commonwealth, this ideal of an everlasting world peace in which we are to live and move and have our being, has to be built up in every school, in every mind, in every lesson. You belong. You belong. That is the teaching. . .

"What has been wrong with your education and with the education of our world is not so much wrong teaching as evasive teaching . . . the damned deferential silences of the teachers, because stupid people objected to great teaching . . . kings about who couldn't be honestly explained . . . empires with jobs to offer. . . Titles. . . Profits. . . They relinquished the children, whose souls they had to make, to false kings and vulgar ends. . .

"What ought one to teach when one teaches geography, for instance, but the common estate of mankind? Here, the teacher should say, are mountains and beautiful cities you may live to see. Here are plains where we might grow half the food of mankind! Here are the highways of our common life, and here are pleasant byways where you may go! All this is your inheritance. But is that how geography is taught?" . . .

"We used to learn lists of the British possessions, with their total exports and imports in money. I remember it as if it were yesterday. . . Old Smugs—a hot new imperialist—new then. . .

"Then what is history but a long struggle of men to find peace and safety, and how they have been prevented by baseness and greed and folly? All history is one dramatic story, of man blundering his way to the world commonwealth. All history is each man's adventure. But what teacher makes history much more than a dwarfish twaddle about adventures and wars? Dwarfish twaddle. What is the teaching of a language again but teaching another people—an exposition of the soul of another people—a work of union? But you see what I mean; this idea of a great world of cooperating peoples; it is not just a diplomatic scheme, not something far off that Foreign Offices are doing; it is an idea that must revolutionize the lessons of a child in the nursery and alter the maps upon every schoolroom wall. And rule our lives altogether. Or be nothing. The World Peace. To that we all belong. It must be put above the crown of every monarch in the world, and its flag must fly over all other flags. I have a fancy. As though this idea had been hovering over the world, unsubstantial, unable to exist—until all this blood-letting, this torment and disaster gave it a body. . .

"Either you are a maker now of the great commonwealth or you are nothing, an ingrate, an outcast, a criminal, a rogue human. The great break-up of this war has liberated my imagination—perhaps it has liberated many imaginations. Things that we thought were solid rock have swayed and shivered like painted canvas. I dreamt I could serve the empire all my life, the Pax Britannica. But it was the League of Nations I was trying to serve all the time, the Pax Humana. There is no other enduring service. None.

"It was to bring you to this and make you serviceable for this that all your education from the day when you were encouraged to say "bab, bab, bab" up to this evening, has been given you. It was to turn you from being solitary scheming creatures of secrecy and suspicion and fierce instincts into frank and open and generous members of the one body of mankind. . . Members with me. . .

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"What I am saying to you the University ought to have said to you."

"Instead of Universities," he sought for a phrase and produced one that against the nocturnal dark at least seemed brilliant and illuminous. "Instead of Universities *passant reguardant,* we want Universities militant. We want Universities all round and about the world, working to a common end, drawing together all the best minds and the finest wills, a myriad of multi-colored threads, into one common web of a world civilization."

H. G. WELLS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Breaking up Austria

SIR: In the important discussion between Mr. Brailsford and yourself, in your issue of August 31, Mr. Brailsford seems to me to make the more probable guess. Your argument, as well reasoned as possible, comes nevertheless to this: that Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, with the Serbs, Montenegrins, Croatians, and Slovenes, have a better chance of working out together a just and practicable political system than Austria has of acquiring enough liberalism to overcome the admitted faults you discuss. Mr. Brailsford's argument is that if we work to liberalize her arrangements, instead of to break her up. Austria has a good chance of becoming a world-partner in the modern spirit. Your optimism about the new group seems to me much more arbitrary than Mr. Brailsford's optimism about Austria. If it is supposed to be wise to put so much emphasis on the word Slav (though I doubt it) let us remember a few points like these:

1. The Hungarians are not Slavs.
2. The Rumanians are not Slavs.
3. The Bulgarians are not wholly Slavs, a fact which is now being exaggerated by the Serbians.
4. There is no feeling of Slav solidarity in Poland and little of it left in Bulgaria.
5. There is nothing in the history of Poland to suggest political reasonableness or tolerance, and the group which is now being listened to by the foreign offices corresponds to the elements that have risen to the top in Poland in the past.

The New Republic thinks more freely than any other American publication that deals with foreign affairs. It is difficult, however, for the freest of us to escape the contagion and to become sweepingly optimistic about rearrangements representing our triumph and correspondingly pessimistic about enemy tendencies in the future, unless conditioned by us. Events will to a large extent take their own course, with a sad fatality, but as far as we can influence them by our national psychology, it seems to me wisest to confine our war aims to general principles, as the President has done in most of his utterances, and not let our minds become set on just what we are going to do to Germany or Austria. We are now belligerents, with all the bad thinking of belligerents, but there is not therefore the less truth in the President's earlier fear of too dictatorial a victory on either side. We have a big enough job as it is. We know that France, Belgium, Poland, Serbia, Rumania, Montenegro, Luxembourg must be freed, and the Brest-Litovsk treaty undone. We may be sure that when we have accomplished that much the German oligarchy will have lost its prestige, unless indeed such speeches as the one in which Senator Lodge recently stated his war aims enables that oligarchy to retain its leadership. If I were a German I should certainly prefer Ludendorff to Lodge. On the other hand, if I were a German I hope I should prefer Wilson, Asquith, Smuts, or Henderson to Ludendorff. I think we liberals should look with great suspicion on any drift in ourselves toward increasing sweep in our forcible rearrangements —increasing with the habit of combat and the glow of victory. After defeating the German armies and disillusioning the German people, we should seek a minimum by force and a maximum by consent.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

Hanover, New Hampshire.

Imposing a Creed

MUCH of the conflict in statements about the Y. M. C. A. arises from a failure to recognize the dual membership basis upon which this organization works. There are active members who have met certain church connection requirements and associate members who have not done so. The superiority of the active member has consisted in membership in an evangelical church, and he alone has a vote and right to hold office. The term "evangelical" was defined in 1868 as having three requirements —belief in the deity of Jesus, eternal punishment and the infallibility of the Scriptures. This placing of the responsibility upon another organization has at times resulted in curious anomalics. Thus in a western city a very conservative Universalist church could not be recognized as a source of active members, while a Congregationalist church which really stood for much less orthodoxy than its neighbor, was unquestioned.

Whatever may be the present practice of the organization, men have been refused opportunities for war service on the ground that they were Unitarians. It is the uncertainty of the actual position which leads most to misunderstanding. I recall a study made at a college Y. M. C. A. conference, at Northfield,, Massachusetts, in the 90's. Of a large number of prominent students interviewed, presidents and general secretaries in leading college associations from Maine to California, only two were found who knew that the organization stood on the basis stated above—the requirements laid down in the Portland Conference of 1868. At this time, however, Mr. Mott of the International Committee, was strenuously attempting to compel the University of Michigan Students' Christian Association to reduce from active to associate membership Seventh Day Adventists and others determined by the Portland test to be non-evangelical.

The practical activities of this society have ever tended to be at variance with its creed basis. There are many who hope that the war experience will help to do away with the dualism and the constant tendency to repress constructive thinking upon fundamental interests by considering them to be fixed factors with which the individual consciousness has nothing to do.

An organization which would make its basis of membership the practical relationships of social life would, with the achievements of the Y. M. C. A. in pre-war and war times as a background, be of inestimable service in the coming reconstruction period. This would not mean that matters of belief and creed are unimportant, but rather that they are so fundamentally important that society can be of greatest help to the individual in aiding him to define them for himself rather than in imposing them upon him.

FRANK A. MANNY.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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A Dutch Novel

Old People and the Things that Pass, by Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

IT is a gray world into which Mr. Couperus takes one, a world of lengthening shadows and dying light. It is a land peopled by the elderly and the very old, a generation of the thirties seeing above itself numerous relatives between sixty and seventy, and above them, in the veils of twilight, three nearly motionless figures not so far from a hundred years of age. The circumstances of this large family group are not in themselves squalid. We are dealing with a quite prosperous section of society at the Hague, with Dutch-Java affiliations, enjoying some of the material advantages of empire. Theirs is not great fortune, perhaps, but it is enough to hold the group together and keep it attentive to itself and alive to its alliances and misalliances. But an air of mild misanthropy pervades Mr. Couperus. Like so many writers of the north, particularly Norway and Sweden, but including Germany and Holland and England, he has a nostalgia for the free color and emotional affluence of Italy. The individualism of his Protestant tradition cramps and cripples a gentle Epicureanism. A special excuse for his melancholy is found in the three who most fascinate him, for, while his narrative has the air of close realism and resolute adherence to common fate, he is occupied with the darkly passionate drama that has his three oldest characters for its victims. These are now a venerable lady, her sere lover and the gruff doctor who shares their tragic secret. Below them are the various children of the old lady—" children " of seventy and sixty, and those children's spouses, and *their* children. The complexity is one of detail, not of idea, because the younger members of the clan, outside the man of imagination and his mother, simply are chorus to the drama that has its spidery abode in the generation that slowly, slowly descends to the grave.

In depicting the inexorable harvest of a passionate spring Mr. Couperus is in no sense a moralist. The most he permits himself is a gesture of resignation, and, in the end, a faint sigh of relief. He has a hard eye for facts. He is unwilling to let his sympathies interfere with the exacting duty of observation. He allows no more sanctuary to the feeble than to the brutal. Thus Lot's mother, the pouting beauty who has had a succession of husbands, is seen as an immature and spoiled darling at sixty, regardless of her actual maternity. But Mr. Couperus is not candid because he is indifferent to pain. He is a man so clearly sensitive and pitying that one rather wonders at the specific " plot " with which he deals. There is a definite spectre in his story, the spectre of the crime committed by the two oldest of his characters in their early youth, and it does not " pass " until they shudderingly pass with it. There is a Dutch substantialness about this spectre surprising in a person of Mr. Couperus's tact. Not that he isn't dramatic. He gives his reader full value for his money in the shock of revelation. But the tragedy is not the corroboration of Mr. Couperus's art as a psychologist. It is instead a bald hypothesis of character. One is conscious throughout of an oscillation in interest, the spectre among the weary banqueters of life exciting something quite different from the curiosity that is fed by the development of Lot and Elly. Clumsy as this seems to be, it is mainly clumsy, however, because Mr. Couperus does open up a great subject for fiction, the subject of old lives maintained at the cost of new.

The advantage that the author derives from elaborating the ordinary two generations into four is that he creates a powerful sense of static personages and rigid relationships—and he thickens the atmosphere of provincialism. A viscous provincialism, pinning down the wings of the less matter-of-fact or the more eager souls, is ingeniously suggested by a constant reference to the old. It is they who dominate Mr. Couperus's world. In some future era, possibly, their power to be so dominant will be corrected. Without becoming merely impudent or callous, the human being may learn to run a corridor through those compartments that now separate the sexes and the classes and the different ages of man. What a genius like William James could do by virtue of his genius—pass easily through the barriers that are raised by each suspicious egoism—may some day be a miracle within the scope of ordinary mankind. Long after the last gun has been woven with cobwebs, it may be possible for the man from the heart of Brooklyn to talk understandingly to the man from the heart of New York. An old man may then, without genius or with a genius as universal and commonplace as that for using human speech, approach a younger person of the same species with a consciousness of something besides a gulf to span. The gross brutality of our present limited imaginations may one day be just as remote as those uncouth mumblings of our ancestors who had not yet arrived at that greatest miracle of evolution, the verb to be.

Before such lucidity is reached, however, there must be many more novels like Old People and the Things that Pass. In this book Mr. Couperus is not dealing with a perfected society. He is not even dealing with such specimens of society as give a passionate novelist his chance to elucidate the muggy world. His people, especially the old people, are most definitely creatures of the present halting and stumbling era, where the best that happens is a stuttering sympathy between rich and poor, alien and citizen, Christian and pagan, young and old. The Dutch universe of Mr. Couperus is emphatically a universe of egoisms, most of them sick egoisms, and his emphasis is entirely on their compulsion to centre in themselves, their utter incapacity to find a generous medium of communication.

It may occur to the good reader that these Dutch of Mr. Couperus are very different from our own Knickerbockers, that their limitations are special provincial limitations. But the terms of the novel do not allow any such stricture. So far as religion is the secret of ameliorating egoism, several members of the group have it, and a poor fist they make of it. Nor is the group entirely without culture. One of the principal characters, Lot, is a writer by profession and preference. He is essentially a man of imagination. He has an accomplished uncle, but one whose classic erudition is private and lascivious. The whole tone of the group, however, is a tone of discordant tempers and appetites, of a predicament that nothing entirely softens and that old age sharpens to a wail like the lumbering of a planet on an axis badly twisted.

The virtue of this kind of a novel depends almost entirely on the poignancy of the author's perceptions. If he succeeds in bathing his group in an atmosphere of reality, making them as irresistible as they are pitiable in their human nature, he owes nothing to our meek preferences for serenity and amenity and happiness. Provided he removes every doubt as to their genuineness or their peculiarity, he can make them just as nasty or as lecherous or as inconsequential as he pleases. In the region of art Falstaff is as significant as Joan of Arc, and vastly more significant if he hits the artist's eye. But the need for acuteness is proportionately great when the author is astringent. Our sentimentality does not assist him.

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Except for frequent touches of Continental literary "effectiveness," Mr. Couperus is genuine. He builds up a powerful impression of his four generations and the chain that links and imprisons them. Somewhat staccato in method, somewhat brittle in construction, Old People remains an admirable novel, hauntingly reflective. There are extraordinary segments, such as the first account of Lot's mother and stepfather, the wedding supper with Lot's father, the meeting with Ottilie in Italy, the advent of the English egoist Hugh, the characterization of the oldest Ottilie sitting enthroned under her canopy of years. But more significant than single excellences is the total composition, one additional cry from man's disillusioned and evocative heart. F. H.

A Province of England

Midland Memories, by Lord Channing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.50.

LORD CHANNING'S volume comes as a welcome reminder that there exists an England outside of London. Americans know it only too little by its buildings or its industrial products. The cathedral at Winchester, the castle at Edinburgh, Manchester cotton, Birmingham hardware—these serve to conceal the provinces rather than to explain them. For it is a serious truth that there are as many English minds as English counties. Mr. Bennett has displayed the separation of the Potteries—a hard, shrewd, practical, rather fleshly mind, given in its thinking to take comfort from the Bible and the newspapers. No one who has not lived in Manchester and read day by day its great newspaper, can ever realize how large is the contempt for London such an existence breeds. Historical research there leads the rest of England; it has the best theatres; it provides by far the best music; within itself it is a mirror of the world's ideas. Manchester radicalism added a new chapter to the history of thought; and there is no need to be ashamed of principles for which Bright and Cobden were willing to fight. An epic is one day to be written upon the jealousy of Liverpool for Manchester. Liverpool with its fine, purblind Toryism, its zeal for the ancient House of Stanley, its Irish representative elected, in good, logical fashion, for the Scotland division—Liverpool that gave birth to Gladstone and elected Canning to the House of Commons; only, today, to find their successor in the doubtful charms of Sir Frederick Smith.

Northampton is Lord Channing's country, and if his tale is a little long, and overcharged with detail, it has a kind of stubborn fascination of its own. For twenty-five years Lord Channing sat in the House of Commons as a Liberal member. His reminiscences take us away from the large issues of the national stage, to the contest between great landowners and little tradesmen, between the Anglican rector and the Nonconformist parson. The vital things here are the ebb and flow of daily life—the effect of a local harvest, the refusal of a schoolroom to the Liberals by the Tory school-managers, the speech of some village Demosthenes too early lost to fame. It is not a rapid life; but it is profound and kindly, and the convictions are firmly held. It is only in these pages that the real significance of the House of Commons emerges. In London the private member is some one whose speech is neatly summarized in five lines of the next day's paper; but in Northampton it is reprinted word for word from Hansard, and you hear from the farmer and the shopkeeper how their member fairly had the best of Mr. Balfour in argument. The local meeting does not, perhaps, appear in the London Times; but in the Northampton Sentinel you can read how the member was escorted to the Town Hall with flags and torches; how he utterly destroyed the policy of the Tory government, and how, at the end, his gracious lady was induced to say a few, halting half-heard words amid thunders of applause from a generation to which feminism was unknown. The reader of national history scoffs, perhaps, at these little scenes; he is occupied with his Pitts and Peels and Gladstones. But every speech made here is an epoch to the man who made it; and there is a conviction in the rough, untutored phrasing you will not find outside the Irish party in Westminster.

It is by the provinces that England should be known. London, with its vast, smoke-covered wilderness, sprawling over half-a-dozen counties, what is it, after all, but a terminus from which one starts to the continent. The novelists have always seen that England is a nation of villages; Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope—they do not need the artificial venous blood of London when they have the arterial plunging of the provinces to set flowing. Even Dickens, most fervid of Londoners, set Pickwick on tour; and it is in Bath and on the great coach-roads that he achieves his real effects. Thackeray, indeed, was dulled by provincial smallness; but, surely, a world of Lauras is better than a world of Fotheringays, and we had rather see George Warrington comfortable in Norfolk than driven to the refuge of Captain Costigan. Nor is it to be forgotten that when Shakespeare had made his fortune he retired again to Stratford. Wordsworth and De Quincey would not have changed their lakes

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for Buckingham Palace; and Swinburne only lost his music when he settled in the snug comfort of Mr. Watts-Dunton and Putney.

The true mind of English government, moreover, is also to be sought in the provinces. Your proudest Englishman is the town councillor; and the shallows and silences of real life live in Burslem and in Devon. Local activities, a new waterworks, a tramway system, the design for a new technical school, or, greatly daring, an inter-county canal; these are the things that awaken the deepest passion. The dignity of politics was never so royally displayed as when a Board of Guardians dispenses its relief to the poor. Beside that stern profusion, a Guildhall banquet is mere vulgarity. Nor can the Central Courts compete for a moment with the local bench. Your justice of the peace takes himself with profound seriousness. His certificate of office hangs in his sitting-room; and he points out to you with a fine self-reverence how the police salute him on the streets. He knows that the vast code of industrial legislation is committed to his care. He realizes that, ultimately, the education of the people depends upon his interpretation of truancy. It is to him alone that the magistrate's clerk can be persuaded to be deferential. He only, in modern England, can sermonize five hours a day without interruption; and complete the homily with a sentence that anticipates the verdict of Heaven.

Nor is there, outside fiction, any such thing as the typical Englishman. In real life our loyalties go by towns and counties. Mr. Hardy may seem to hate life; but it is not less clear that he worships Dorset. No man has understood what patriotism means until he has heard a son of Devon explain the superiority of Lorna Doone to any novel that was ever written. Americans are often struck by the high prices paid for first editions of Harrison Ainsworth; but that, in sober truth, is only a determination of Lancashire that he shall not be outbidden by Dickens or Thackeray or Eliot. Every inhabitant of Birmingham tends to confuse Mr. Chamberlain with the deity; and certainly in Rochdale English history began with the birth of John Bright. It is admittedly dangerous to decry Marie Corelli in the streets of Stratford; and if Lichfield now is a little wan and battered, the statue in the market-place reminds you where Dr. Johnson's real affections centred. English national character, in sober fact, is but a feeble generalization from more local types. The real people are the weavers of Lancashire, the miners of Durham, the fishermen of Cornwall. Go to Tintagel for but a fortnight and you begin to see that England is uniform in the history books alone.

Not that we should decry London for a moment; not even Lord Channing's enthusiasm can do that. For London, after all, is the looking-glass of history; time and space seem, somehow, to meet there. In the whole world there is nothing like Charing-Cross Road, with its fifty bookshops and the wisdom of the ages. The Thames, as Mr. Burns said, is liquid history; and on a fine day you can see a Duke on the next bench to a beggar on the Embankment; for the English have democratic moments. Nor is there any town like London for its groups of eager living or the ghosts that walk at night. To walk from Trafalgar Square down Whitehall to Westminster is like living the history of representative government. The very newness of Kingsway apologizes for itself by its beauty; and you can escape therefrom in a moment to the fields of Lincoln's Inn, where Henry Esmond fought his good fight two centuries ago. Like every good provincial, Lord Channing loves the country of his birth; but he does not fail to live and die in London.

H. J. L.

In the Mode of Japan

Japanese Prints, by John Gould Fletcher. Boston: Four Seas Co.

MR. FLETCHER, one of the original Imagists, was established by his two volumes, Irradiations, and Goblins and Pagodas. This new volume, Japanese Prints, expresses a later development of his personality. He is now influenced, though not dominated, by Japan of the Ukiyoye.

This is the Japan of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Japan of the Vanities. Zen-Buddhism had simplified and secularized art, mainly through the tea ceremony, until aesthetics affected every branch of life. This is the period of the carved buttons (netsuki), the lacquer boxes, the wood prints. For the first time actors and kitchen utensils were considered beautiful. There was an undoubted falling away from the old austerities of the sacred art, but this fault was atoned for by the spread of the sense of beauty through all the population.

Mr. Fletcher's preface alone is valuable as an aid to the interpretation of Japanese poetry. But his own exquisite cadences need no interpretation.

Sometimes he gives us mere impressions of colored movement:

> The peony dancer
> Swirls orange folds of dusty robes
> Through the summer.
>
> They are spotted with thunder showers,
> Falling upon crimson petals.
>
> Heavy blooms
> Breaking and spilling fiery cups
> Drowsily.

Sometimes in a few lines he gives us the very essence of the dreamlike artificiality of the Fujiwaras:

> Gilded humming birds are whizzing
> Through the palace garden,
> Deceived by the jade petals
> Of the Emperor's jewel-trees.

Sometimes he is ominously dramatic:

> The daimyo and the courtesan
> Compliment each other.
>
> He invites her to walk out through the maples,
> She half refuses, hiding fear in her heart.
>
> Far in the shadow
> The daimyo's attendant waits,
> Nervously fingering his sword.

Other times he is concerned with flashes of character study, such as this delightful sketch of the young daimyo:

> When he first came out to meet me
> He had just been girt with two swords;
> And I found he was far more interested in the glitter
> of their hilts,
> And did not even compare my kiss to a cherry blossom.

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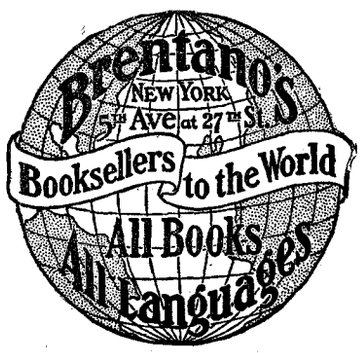

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Again he offers us moods, complete in a few brief lines:

My thoughts are sparrows passing
Through one great wave that breaks
In bubbles of gold on a black motionless rock.

But, fine poetry as this is, it is not always truly Japanese. At times Mr. Fletcher is concerned with his own individual emotions. Now the Japanese avoid personalities beyond all things; for these are the unimportant accidents of creation. They have had no real Romantic period. Always they treat of essences, not individuals. A wave is The Wave, a noble is The Noble.

The faint, toneless hissing echo of rain
That tears at my heart

is Symboliste, not Ukiyoye; Verlaine, not Basho.

It is also unfortunate that the original prints to which the poems were written could not be reproduced. Miss Lathrop's illustrations achieve a Japanese effect; yet she commits one grave fault. The only nudes in all Japanese art (even in the erotic prints) are the Three Daughters of Mara at the Temptation of Buddha. Hence Miss Lathrop's nudes are obviously out of key.

Nevertheless, the volume is one which brings new notes of perfected beauty into American poetry, and as such it is beyond censure. S. F. D.

A Clean Impression

Attack, by Edward G. D. Liveing. With an introduction by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

MR. MASEFIELD says that this is "a simple and most vivid account of a modern battle. No better account has been written since the war began." This is a just appreciation. In the first place, it is quite short, not 10,000 words. It can be read at a sitting. In the next place, it is disinterested and spontaneous. Finally, it is written by a man who was in the thick of the battle, wounded in the very attack which he describes. There is something compact, clean and brave about this narrative. It gives a quiet yet full account of terrible experience and a compassionate idea of its aftermath. Mr. Liveing had a few "unpleasant sensations" on the tortuous road up to the attack. He notes them. He waited to "go over" in a kind of pellucid rigidity. He describes it. Then, after a moment of unreal panorama ("the white of the smoke, the red of the shrapnel and blood, the green of the grass") comes the plunge into assault. Mr. Liveing recalls that fiery devilry. A poet by force of sheer experience, he does not reduce one atom of the wild terror of battle or gloss over a single floundering futility. What he shows, by reason of his own cool decency, is the immensity of the emotion that it generates in a sensitive soul.

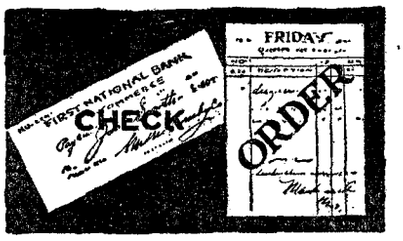
Contributors

H. SIDEBOTHAM, formerly military critic of the Manchester Guardian, and the editor of the Manchester Guardian's History of the War. He is a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly.

MAX EASTMAN, poet and editor. Author of Child of the Amazons and Other Poems, The Enjoyment of Poetry, and Journalism vs. Art. Now editor of The Liberator.

WILLIAM HARD, a writer on public affairs now investigating problems of organization in Washington for the New Republic. He is the author of The Women of Tomorrow.

H. G. WELLS.



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